The Centre Reporter.

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CAPITOL NEWS

THE VACANCY ON THE SUPREME COURT BENCH.

The Appointment to be Made by the President.—Chauncey F. Black on Pennsylvania Politics.

Secretary Morton believes in practicing what he preaches. Several weeks ago he publicly advised young men to buy farms in Virginia, because of the cheapness of land in that state. To show that he considered that advice good he proposes to buy a farm in the state himself, and to divide his residence after his return to private life between Nebraska and Virginia. Secretary Morton's good words for Virginia so interested some prominent citizens of the state that he was invited to deliver an address at Manassas, near the famous battle field of that name. He has accepted the invitation and while there he will decide about the purchase of a farm in that locality, which is only twenty-six miles from Washington and connected by rail.

A great deal of silly twaddle was nipped in the bud by the cablegram received by the Department of State from the U. S. Consul at Port Louis, Mauritius, stating that he had made arrangements to send Mrs. Waller, wife of the negro ex-Consul who is now serving a twenty years' sentence in the French prison, and her children to France, by the steamer leaving there the 20th inst. Of course the pathetic story of this woman and her children being left to starve in a foreign land will continue to be printed in the class of newspapers which prefer misstatements to facts all the time.

Hon. Chauncey F. Black, of Pennsylvania, who was in Washington for several days in connection with business of the National Association of Democratic Clubs, of which he is president, said of the Republican fight in his state: "The Democrats, while the funeral is none of theirs, are sincerely desirous to see Senator Quay triumph over the combine that is trying to compass his political annihilation. I don't think that Democratic well-wishing will be of any benefit to Quay; on the contrary, it will add to his load. Senator Cameron is another load—a good bit heavier one than the sympathy of the Democrats. Thus handicapped Quay has a desperate fight on his hands, but my belief is that he will win. The character of the men fighting him is enough to put the people on Quay's side. They represent all that is detestable and corrupt in modern politics. They are an ungrateful lot too, for most of them are under the heaviest obligations to Quay."

There is little probability that the vacancy upon the bench of the U. S. Supreme Court, made by the death of Justice Jackson, of Tennessee, will be filled before Congress meets. The position being too important to be filled by a recess nomination which the Senate might decline to affirm after the new Justice had taken part in the work of the court. The absence of prominent Democrats from Washington makes all the talk about a successor to the late Justice Jackson nothing but speculation. Because President Cleveland nominated Justice White, of Louisiana to the last vacancy after two New Yorkers had failed of confirmation, the speculators now say that the President will fill this vacancy from New York, which is, of course, more or less probable, but all the same it is only a guess. Three members of the present Supreme Court—Chief Justice Fuller and Justices Shiras and White—were appointed by President Cleveland and the appointment which the late Justice Jackson received in the last days of the Harrison administration should properly have been made by him. Thus what Mr. Harrison deprived him of Providence has restored to the President. Understand, I do not mean to imply that the selection of Justice Jackson was not a good one. On the contrary, it was an excellent one, and might easily have been made by President Cleveland, who had during his first administration made Mr. Jackson a U. S. Circuit Judge. Only it was not regarded as just the proper thing for an out-going Republican President to fill such an important place, belonging to the Democrats, when he knew that the Democrat selected could not take his seat upon the bench before a Democratic President came in.

Representative Bankhead, of Alabama, passed through Washington on his way home from New York. He was asked who would be nominated for President by the Democrats. He replied: "I do not venture a positive opinion on that subject. Personally I am for Gorman. I shall be for him first and last, and I have strong hope of his being nominated."

—Summer clothing marked down at Lewins, Bellefonte. This means cost.

THE PEOPLE PAY THE BILL.

So Governor Daniel Can Live in Style in the Gubernatorial Mansion.

The executive mansion at Harrisburg will be refurnished at an expense of about $30,000. The parlor will be Louis XIV style and the study Moorish. There will be extensive porteirres, curtains, overdrapery and wall and window hangings. The schedule also calls for a "tea service, six pieces, latest designs," to cost $400, for the mansion, and an entire equipment of silverware, including a marquis set of tea, dessert and table spoons, forks, dessert and eating knives, sugar spoons and tongs, oyster forks, coffee spoons, punch ladle, gravy ladle, orange spoons, lettuce forks and soup ladle. Besides, there are fruit knives, fish sets, salad spoons ice cream spoons, tomato server, jelly server, Trilby berry forks, pickle forks, grape scissors, cake knife, bon bon dish and spoons, cheese scoop, butter plates and spreaders, sugar sifter, pepper and salts, candalabras, chafing dish and chafing spoons and flagon.

The special cut glass schedule for the executive mansion comprises bowls, trays, water pitchers, carafas, cheese dish, fruit dishes, vase, sugar bowl, cream pitcher, cruets, tumblers, goblets, spoon holders, finger bowls, knife rests, ice tubs, cracker jars and fruit saucers. Much of the furniture, carpets and drapery now in use are in good condition and will stand the wear for ten years. To make room for the new furnishings for which the board has contracted it will be sold at public sale in the corridor of the capitol to the highest bidder.

REDUCED RATES.

To Grangers' Picnic at Williams' Grove via P. R. R.

For the accommodation of persons desiring to attend this interesting picnic and exhibition the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets on August 24, 26, 27, 28, 29, and 30, good to return until September 2, inclusive, from stations on the following territory, at rate of one fare for the round trip:

From all the principal stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad division west of Bryn Mawr and east of East Liberty, both inclusive.

From all principal stations on the Northern Central Railway north of Lutherville, Md., and south of Canandaigua.

From all principal stations of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division.

Small Squibs 'Sorted.

Wheat, new and old, is 65 at Coburn.

Dr. Emerick informs us there are many cases of dysentery around.

Roasting ears have been finding their way to the tables within the past ten days.

Fresh apple and huckelberry pies and the incomparable apple-dumpling are trump now.

Some folks have been sampling the roasting ears in John Arney's cornfield out by the station.

Millheim is having several new houses going up; that town is not sleeping.

Weather still keeps warm, except nights, which are pleasant.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thomas Eggers, 139 Florida street, San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at J. D. Murray's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and $1.00.

Pleasant Gapings.

A son of Mr. Brooks met with an accident resulting in a dislocation of an elbow joint, which was set to rights by Dr. Emerick.

A two year old tot, named Albright, came nigh amputating a finger with a stroke of a hatchet.

John Noll, jr., is having symptoms of fever.

Henry Twitmire and W. C. Bell are suffering from sciatica.

Religious Services.

Rev. Derstine will fill Rev. Illingworth's appointments on next Sabbath. Preaching at Centre Hall at 10.30 a. m.

Clay Wosterd Suits worth 12.00 and 15.00, our price, 7.00 and 8.00. Lyon & Co.

GAME LAWS.

We Give the Pennsylvania Game Laws as Revised to Date.

Elk and deer, October 1 to December 15. Spotted fawns, hounding and killing deer in water prohibited. Dogs pursuing elk or deer may be killed by any person, and the owners of dogs that habitually run elk or deer are liable to prosecution.

Squirrels, September 1 to January 1; ferrets prohibited.

Wild turkeys, October 15 to January 1.

Plovers, July 15 to Jan. 1.

Woodcocks, July 4 to Jan. 1.

Quails, Nov. 1 to Dec. 15.

Ruffled grouse (pheasants), Oct. 1 to Jan. 1.

Rails or reedbirds, September 1 to Dec. 2.

Wild fowl, September 1 to May 1. Netting, trapping and snaring, hunting web-footed fowl with any steam or sail boat or craft prohibited. Shoulder guns only allowed. Pigeon nesting protected within a radious of one mile, and disturbance in any manner during nesting season prohibited. Sunday and night shooting and artificial lights prohibited.

Salmon or grilse, March 1 to August 15; under three pounds protected.

Speckled trout, Apr. 15 to July 15; under five inches protected.

Lake trout, Jan. 1 to Oct. 1.

Black bass and wall-eyed pike, May 30 to Jan. 1. Black bass under nine inches protected.

Green, yellow, willow rock, Lake Erie and grass bass, June 1 to Jan. 1; under six inches protected.

Pike and Pickerel, June 1 to January 1.

Carp, September 1 to May 1. Artificially stocked streams protected for three years after stocking.

Must Support Their Parents.

The first case in the State under the new law to compel children to support their parents will be heard in the court at Pottsville. A dispatch from that city says:

Anna C. Klock, aged 82 years, has entered suit against her sons, James and Charles A. Klock, under the provisions of the act approved by Governor Hastings, empowering a justice to issue a warrant for the arrest of children who refuse or neglect to support their own parents, who, by reason of old age or other causes, are unable to do so.

This law was passed by the last Legislature, and awakened much interest all over the state. It will tend to reduce the number of inmates in the county poor houses, which are maintained at the public expense.

The Gay Bicycle.

A minister who evidently labored hard to learn to ride the frolicsome wheel and had been worsted in the attempt, thus talks of the affair. "We hereby warn our brothers that these bladder wheel bicycles are devices of the demon of darkness. They are contrivances to entrap the feet of the unwary and skin the nose of the innocent. They are full of guilt and deceit. When you think you have broken one to ride and have subdued its wild and satanic nature, behold it bucketh you off in the road and teareth a great hole in your pants! Look not upon the bicycle when it bloweth up its wheels, for at last it bucketh like a broncho and hurteth like thunder. Who hath skinned legs? Who hath ripped breeches? Thee that dally long with a diabolical bicycle.

Bishop McGovern's Diocese.

There are 42,000 Catholics in the Harrisburg diocese, over which Bishop McGovern presides. It covers 4100 square miles, has 45 churches, with resident pastors and 63 priests. Under the administration of Bishop McGovern it has grown to be one of the most important in the Middle Atlantic States. The Bishop has just returned from a visit to the Pope in Rome.

We are pleased to add here that Bishop McGovern is an esteemed friend of the editor of this paper and for a number of years was a reader of the "Reporter" and once honored us with a visit.

THE RAINFALL.

Registered by the "Reporter's" rain guage: Sunday evening Aug. 11, from 8:30 to midnight, 3-10 inch.

Thunder gusts passed around us durring the afternoon, but it was only in the evening that any rain fell in this vicinity. It was very warm from 1st to the 11th.

Tuesday evening 1-10 inch of rain.

Clay Wosterd Suits worth 12.00 and 15.00, our price, 7.00 and 8.00. Lyon & Co.

—You will want a new suit. You want it cheap and good, as well as of the latest cut. Lewins, Bellefonte, can accommodate you in every particular, and is bound to please.

PENN TOWNSHIP.

EARLY SETTLERS AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.

Interesting Facts from Away Back—Incidents, Names, &c., of Early Residents in Penn Township.

Samuel Hoy was one of the earliest settlers in the territory of Penn, as we glean from Linn's History, and is said to have cleared up the place now (1883) occupied by P. Breon. Hoy's name occurs in the assessment list prior to the Revolution. John Hall was also an early settler of the territory. He represented Potter township upon the Committee of Safety in 1776. The Kerr and Rankin families are connected with him either by marriage or descent. John Livingston, a settler before the Revolution, came from New Jersey, and was a relative of Governor Livingstone, of that province.

After the Revolution came in the Millers,—Martin, Henry Jacob, John, —locating at the mouth of Elk Creek. Daniel Kreamer came in about 1790, and located upon a tract of land adjoining Hoy's on the east. Daniel Kreamer, the second, is now (1883) 91 years of age. The latter had a family of eight children,—John, Daniel, William, Elias, Henry, Jonathan, Jacob and Elizabeth. Henry and Jonathan resided in Millheim, Elias in Union County, and Elizabeth married William Gutelius, of Mifflinburg. This Kreamer family is remarkable physically for size and weight.

Jacob Evert came from Lehigh County, and located first in Brush valley and then upon the land now later occupied by Andrew Harter, and finally upon the property recently owned by his son Michael. Of his children, Michael married Amanda Walters; Jacob married Mary Dennis; Samuel, Sarah Kerstetter; Susan, Daniel Eisenhuth; and Lydia, Francis Long.

Peter and Philip Neese settled in Penn. Peter's place was afterwards occupied by his grandchildren,—William and David. Peter's children were David, Peter, William, Jacob, Elizabeth, Polly, Catherine, and Lydia. Philip Neese's eldest daughter married Sebastian Musser.

George Swartz erected one of the first saw-mills on Elk Creek, still standing. He was a leading member of the Evangelical Church, and it was upon his place the early camp-meetings of that denomination were held. His children were David, Michael, George, Andrew, Henry, Jacob, John, William, Sarah, and Catherine, Mrs. Dormeyer, of Cambria County, and Mrs. Moore, of Ohio. S. M. Swartz, of Tusseyville, merchant, and G. M. Swartz, dentist, are sons of George Swartz, (2d).

William Krape settled upon the land later occupied by his grandson, Samuel Krape. William Krape's descendants were Adam, William, Jacob, Abraham, and three daughters. Adam married Margaret Fisher, William married Susan Gramly, Abraham married Polly Neese. The daughters married Adam Gramly, Jacob Bear and Mr. Long.

Jacob Fiedler settled on Penn's Creek, upon the place now occupied by Jacob Kerstetter. Adam Zerby, a weaver, settled near where his son Andrew lives, and operated also a sawmill erected by Jacob Neidigh. John Detweiler settled upon the place afterwards occupied by Jacob Detweiler, now by Reed Alexander.

The most prominent of the early citizens of Penn township was Hon. Jacob Kryder, He was a member of the Legislature 1815-19; associate judge, 1827. He belonged to the Lutheran Church, and was a member of the Centre County Bible Society from its organization. He was clear-headed and had a well-balanced mind, candid, conscientious, and honest, traits in which many would-be prominent men of this day are lacking.

Judge Kryder died May, 1852, on the farm lately owned by Amos Alexander, a mile and one-half southwest of Millheim. He had a large family, of whom were Catharine, married to John Sankey; Elizabeth, married to George M. Wasson; Rebecca, married James G. Evans, of near Spring Mills; John; Samuel, resided near Cedar Springs; Daniel; Susan, married Daniel Kurtz; Mary, married to Michael Eilert; Sarah, to John Stout; and Mrs. Godfrey Lowrey.

Judge Kryder has two grandsons who are ministers of the German Reformed Church,—Rev. L. Kryder Evans, of Pottstown, and Rev. John M. Evans, of Clarion County, Pa.; J. Wells Evans, another grandson, farms the old place of his grandfather, Lott Evans, in Gregg township.

Penn township was organized in 1844. The court appointed as commissioners Samuel Pettit, Michael Shaeffer, and William Smyth, Jr., whose report in favor of the new township of Penn was confirmed by court, November 30, 1844.

WEATHER PREDICTIONS.

Foster Tells of Storm Waves and Changes to Take Place This Month.

My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm wave to cross the continent from 10th to 14th, and the next will reach the Pacific coast about the 15th cross the west of Rockies countries by close of 16th, the great central valleys from 17th to 19th and the eastern states 20. In portions of the country this will be a very dangerous storm and about the same time storms of great force will occur in various parts of the world on sea and land.

The destructive storms will occur from August 16 to 23, I have not the least doubt, but to definitely locate these storms is at this time, not possible. The force may be concentrated in a tropical hurricane, and if this occurs the West India islands and the southeastern coasts of the United States and of Asia will experience disastrous storms. If the force is centered in the transcontinental storms indications are that their greatest energies will be expanded near Vancouver islands or on the Alaska coast, in the great central valleys not far from the fortieth parallel, and on the north Atlantic southeast of Newfoundland the storm wave mentioned in the first paragraph of this bulletin being the middle of the three, and all moving eastward.

The warm wave preceding this storm will cross the west of Rockies country about August 14, great central valleys 17th, and eastern states 19th. The cool wave will cross the west of Rockies country about 18th, great central valleys 20th and eastern states 22nd. This cool wave will probably cause light frosts in some of the northern states.

August 17 to 23, September 15 to 22, October 13 to 20, and November 12 to 18, are dates when severe, dangerous, destructive storms may be expected, more particular details of which will be given in further bulletins. Closely following each of these storms frosts will go unusually far south, and corn and cotton will be damaged to some extent.

Crops will probably not mature as rapidly as most people are expecting. Notice was given in these bulletins some time ago that July, August and September would be remarkably cool in the corn belts, and this prediction was thoroughly fulfilled for July. If the predicted low average of temperature continues, late corn will not be matured on September 18, near which date a killing frost is expected in the corn belt.

Cotton will mature slowly during August and September and, although October will average hot, the frost that will occur about the 17 to 18 of that month will kill a very considerable portion of the plant in the northern part of the cotton belt.

I call special attention to the extremes of temperature and the severity of the storms near September 17 and Oct. 16.

Genuine Texas Fever.

State Veterinarian Bridge, of Philadelphia, who went to Tyrone to investigate the death of a number of cattle recently, has decided that the disease is genuine Texas fever. The disease was contracted by the cows pasturing on the railroad tracks over which Texas cattle had been conveyed in cars. The disease was transmitted by ticks, which are similar to a wood louse. These ticks become impregnated in the skin and cause death in a few days. Dr. Bridge says the disease is not contagious, and there is no danger of it spreading.

A Voluntary Increase.

The miners and furnace men of the Valentine Iron company of Bellefonte, have been given a voluntary increase in wages of ten cents per day. The order affects four hundred men and it is expected that another advance of a like amount will shortly be made. The company has orders ahead for nearly a year's work.

Veteran Re-union.

The executive committee of the Centre County Veteran Club, met at Bellefonte on Saturday and fixed on Saturday, September 7, as the day for holding their annual re-union at Hunter's Park.

To Ship a Sawmill to Oregon.

Wm. Hoover, of Clearfield, will ship his lumber mill to Oregon. The freight on his mill from Clearfield to destination will be $600, yet he says he can save something at that, as the mills in that country cost about twice what they do here.

—Clearance Sale.
One Price.
Cash.
MONTGOMERY & Co.
Merchant Tailors, Bellefonte.

——Subscribe for the REPORTER.

REDUCED RATE.

Excursion to Ocean Grove Camp Meeting via P. R. R.

For the benefit of those desiring to visit Ocean Grove (Asbury Park) during the great camp meeting, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will, on August 22, sell excursion tickets to that point from stations named below at the very low rates quoted.

These tickets will be good for passage to Philadelphia on train named below, thence on regular trains of that day to Ocean Grove (Asbury Park):

		Time. A. M	Rate.
Leave	Lock Haven	7.15	$5 50
"	McElhattan	7.24	5 50
"	Jersey Shore	7.41	5 50
"	Newberry	8.01	5 50
Arrive	Williamsport	8.05	5 50
Leave	Williamsport	8.15	5 50
"	Muncy	8.40	5 00
"	Montgomery	8 48	5 00
"	Dewart	8.57	4 85
"	Watsontown	9.02	4 70
"	Milton	9.10	4 50
"	Bellefonte	6.20	5 75
"	Lemont	6.43	5 50
"	Oak Hall	6.47	5 50
"	Linden Hall	6.52	5 25
"	Centre Hall	7.06	5 25
"	Rising Spring	7 21	4 75
"	Coburn	7.38	4 75
"	Glen Iron	8.17	4 50
"	Millmont	8.25	4 50
"	Mifflinburg	8.38	4 50
"	Lewisburg	9.00	4 50
"	Montandon	9.18	4 50
"	Northumberland	9.32	4 50
"	Mt. Carmel	7.30	4 50
"	Shamokin	8.05	4 50
"	Paxinos	8.17	4 50
"	Snydertown	8.29	4 50
"	Catawissa	8.55	4 50
"	South Danville	9.14	4 50
"	Sunbury	9.48	4 50
"	Millersburg	10.40	4 50
"	Halifax	10 50	4 50
Arrive	Harrisburg	10 30	4 50
Leave	Harrisburg	11.40	
Arrive	Philadelphia	3.00 P. M.	

Tickets will be good for return passage on regular trains until August 29, inclusive, and will permit of stop-off at Philadelphia within limit.

COUNTY NEWS

Clipped, Gathered and Condensed from all Around.

H. C. Quigley, esq., was last week, unanimously elected captain of company B, while in camp.

The valuation of property in Bellefonte boro, according to the recent triennial assessment was increased $240,000 over what it was formerly. Can't have been struck by the "calamity."

H. S. Braucht, a recent graduate from the medical department of the University of Penn'a, has located at Spring Mills for the practice of medicine.

We regret to learn that D. F. Fortney, esq., has not been enjoying the best of health of late.

The I. O. O. F., of Boalsburg, will hold a festival, on 16 and 17, this week.

John Grubb, of Nittany, died on 2, after an illness of several years; his age was 85 years. He lost two sons in the late war.

The Zion Lutheran church will hold a festival on Saturday, Aug. 17, at Zion.

Ex-treasurer J. J. Gramley sold his Bellefonte grocery store to Rush Larimer.

Mrs. Michael Hess a short time ago gave an enjoyable lawn fete, at her home near Shingletown, 80 persons partaking of her hospitality.

D. J. Musser is about to rebuild his sawmill in Gregg twp.

Ed. Cowdrick, of Bellefonte, is lying very ill with typhoid fever at Niagara Falls, where he had been at work with his brother.

Harry, son of James Lucas, of near Milesburg, died on 5, of blood poisoning.

Endorsed Judge Bucher.

The Union county Democratic convention on Monday nominated the following ticket: Associate Judge, Isaac C. Harvey; Prothonotary, Noah G. Baker; District Attorney, William J. Wilkinson; Surveyor, J. A. Gundy; delegates to state convention, J. Thompson Baker and William E. Smith.

A resolution was adopred urging the Democratic state convention to nominate six candidates for Superior Court Judges and paying a high tribute to the ability of ex-Judge J. C. Bucher. The delegates from that county were instructed to do all in their power to secure his nomination as one of the six.

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old People find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents per bottle at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

Clay Wosterd Suits, worth 12.00 and 15.00, our price, 7.00 and 8.00. Lyon & Co.

TO LEARN TO SWIM.

An Instructor Gives Some Excellent Advice to Beginners.

Captain Allen, swimming instructor at the New York public baths, says: It is a very difficult matter to learn to swim correctly without a master. If possible take some lessons of a competent instructor. If but a few they will suffice for self-practice. Hundreds of my pupils have learned to swim a mile at the end of their first season. Comparatively few self-taught swimmers can do as much after swimming half a lifetime. To teach rapidly and correctly there is but one true method. The pupil is first given what is called a "dry lesson" before going into the water. In this he is taught to make the movements of arms and legs according to count. As soon as these points are thoroughly comprehended he is allowed to go into the water suspended by a belt attached to a rope in such fashion that he occupies a horizontal position, breast downward, and with the shoulders just covered by the water. In this position he is practiced thoroughly in executing the arm and leg movements separately and in combination. Many pupils master the stroke in one lesson. As soon as proficient an inflated rubber air belt is tied about the chest, supporting the pupil while he is perfected in the stroke. The quantity of air is decreased at each lesson, until the pupil has gained the confidence to make an effort without support. In this way any one, however timid, may learn the art rapidly and correctly.

To the person who is anxious to learn to swim, but cannot afford the luxury of a master, a few hints may be of service. Beware of deep water or places where the bottom is uneven, or currents swift and treacherous. Choose a quiet spot, where you can wade out gradually until the water reaches the armpits. Remember that but a slight movement is necessary to keep the body afloat—if the hands are kept under the surface of the water. The arm movement is made as follows: Palms of hands together, arms extended straight in front of breast, fingers closely touching. Using the thumbs as pivots, turn the hands over into a horizontal position nearly. Without bending the arms move the hands through the water till they form a straight line with ear and shoulder, then dropping elbows nearly to side and simultaneously pointing fingers downward, bring tips of fingers together in front of (but not touching) breast, and almost directly under chin. Now, uniting palms, push hands swiftly forward into first position. The leg movement is not made until the hands are moving toward chin. At this moment with heels together and toes pointed outward, at an angle of forty-five degrees, the legs are drawn up with knees apart (frog fashion). Then kicking feet right and left as far as possible, the legs are brought swiftly together as the hands are pushed forward to first position. Be careful to bring the legs swiftly together. This is the most important factor in the whole stroke, for it is this sudden displacement of the water that gives two-thirds of the impetus. Use the arms very quietly and depend upon the leg motion. Now with the water reaching to the armpits, place the hands together under the surface of the water and stooping until the chin touches the surface, push gently from the bottom with the feet, and make stroke quietly, but with decision, as described above.

Any one can purchase a preserver, and by following above directions in a few days learn the "breast stroke," the A, B, C of swimming. That stroke once mastered, all others are comparatively easy.

Few swimmers breathe properly. This is most important. Learn to inhale by the nostrils, and exhale through the parted lips, and at every stroke.

It is an exploded theory that drowning persons go down three times and then expire. I have seen a drowning man go down a half dozen times, and still "bob up serenely." It all depends upon the manner in which he struggles, and whether he succeeds in getting a supply of air each time that he rises to the surface.

SURE TO GET MARRIED.

Is Every Girl Who Sits at This Treasury Desk.

There is in the mail division of the Treasury Department a very popular desk, to which is attached the peculiar merit that the occupant is by that occupancy placed on the sure road to matrimony.

No sooner is the position made vacant than there is a scramble among the remaining clerks for the lucky place, the fortunate candidate feeling sure that it will only be a short time before she is advanced to the hymeneal grade.

Within the past ten years the desk has been occupied by seven lady clerks, following each other in quick succession as embryo brides, and the records during that time indicate that they have come from all parts of the country only to finally meet their destiny while occupying the fateful desk.

Miss Birdie Walker, of Tennessee, started the pace by marrying a resident of the District, after a few months' service. She was succeeded by her sister, from the same State, who readily followed her example and left the enviable position open to a newcomer. She arrived on schedule time from Virginia in the person of Miss Easby Smith, who shed the glory of a famous Virginian name over the talismanic desk for a short time, and then was led to the altar by a journalist of Washington. Next came from Delaware a relative of Senator Gray—Miss Sue Gray—who was followed in an incredibly short time by a delegate from Massachusetts—Miss Mercine Dickey.

Miss Dickey attracted much attention during her stay in the department through her remarkable resemblance to Mrs. Cleveland, and later married Mr. Simon Flynn, who at that time was connected with the Washington branch of the Baltimore Sun, and now manages a paper in Spokane, Wash.

Pennsylvania also furnishes a representative in Miss Ella Newton, a granddaughter of the first Commissioner of Agriculture. Her marriage to a well known resident of this city is a recent event. The last graduate for this sought-for post is another Southern girl, and was formerly Miss Ida Lindsay, of Alabama, but on Easter Monday she became the wife of Dr. Henry D. Fry, of Washington, and the place is temporarily unoccupied.

This happy illustration of rotation in office, as exemplified by the feminine contingent of wage-earners, is the only one on record where nobody "kicks," for each woman thinks she is advancing her interests either by filling the position or leaving it, as the case may be.

DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

A Falling off in the Amount of Misdirected Mail.

Very few persons have any clear or definite knowledge of the extent of the operations of the Dead Letter Office of the Post Office Department. It is known in a general way that misdirected letters are transmitted to the Post Office Department in Washington and there are opened and if possible redirected either to the sender or the addressee. The number of letters and papers sent to the Dead Letter Office in a year is 6,500,000. Of these 5,5000,000 are what are called ordinary unclaimed letters, 165,000 foreign letters misdirected by people in the United States to persons abroad, and about 30,000 letters written to fictitious addresses, while 500,000 letters in a year are mailed by people in other countries to incorrect addresses in the United States.

According to the Post Office report more than 30,000 letters sent to the Dead Letter Office contained money to the gross amount of $50,000; 30,000 other letters contained drafts, notes, deeds, and checks to an amount of more than $1,500,000. A majority of the money and the evidences of indebtedness were returned to the owners, but last year $300,000 in checks and notes and $10,000 in cash remained unclaimed and undistributed. The number of parcels sent to the Dead Letter Office is not large. More than 35,000 finding their way to the Dead Letter Office yearly contain photographs. A very large proportion of the matter which reaches the office does so not because of any defects in the postoffice system, but because of want of care on the part of the patrons of the mails. It would not be possible to state the proportion in figures, because the technical distinctions of "held for postage," "misdirected," etc., include letters which, while properly prepaid and dispatched according to the addresses, still fail of successful delivery by reason of hasty and careless directions, confusion arising from offices of the same or similar names in different States and other causes. It is a peculiar fact that while many persons are extremely careful of their penmanship in inditing letters to persons who are familiar with their writing, they are singularly negligent in addressing the envelope which is to be read by persons unfamiliar with the writing, yet upon whose ability to read it is dependent the safe delivery of the letter.

The increase of the business of the Dead Letter Office, which continued each year until about three years ago, has recently ceased, and there is a diminition in the volume of misdirected mail matter. This improvement is accounted for in part by the improved management of the Postoffice department, but to a greater extent by the general diffusion of education among writers.

A Find in Harmony.

An immense quantity of music, some which had not been disturbed since the time of Frederick the Great, was discovered in the royal castle at Berlin about six weeks ago and has been found to comprise almost the whole of the music performed at the Prussian court from the middle to the end of the eighteenth century. The work of sorting and editing the collection has just been completed and the catalogue consists of 400 pages. It includes many forgotten operas, a quantity of ballet music, early symphonies and chamber works, folk songs and dances, and a splendid collection of military music. This music will be a picnic for any young composer of original music who wants to become suddenly famous.

The Barber's Advice.

Joachim, the great violinist, once entered a smart London hairdresser's to get his very plentiful locks cut. He wears these rather long behind, and intimated as much to the barber, whereupon that astute person replied: "I would not wear it too long, sir; if you do you'll look just like one of them fiddling chaps."

Many Uses for the Castor Oil Plant.

The castor oil plant, from the brown seeds of which this useful oil is extracted, is among the tropical plants that grow readily here during the summer, and its deep, metallic green, muchly pinated leaves, make it an ornamental plant.

The writer, in walking by the Arsenal in Central Park with a friend who has spent several years in India, was surprised to hear what a really useful plant it is.

"The plant," said the friend, "and many of its virtues have been known in India for centuries, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the first of this oil was exported to Europe from the West Indies near the end of the eighteenth century. In India the oil is much used as an illuminant. If the oil has been 'cold drawn' and has been carefully and properly separated, there is none better. Another thing in its favor is that, owing to its slow combustion, a saving of one-quarter to one-half is made by using it, as compared with other oils. It makes an excellent lubricant, and is much used in the dressing of tanned hides and skins. The natives use it largely for preserving their water buckets, and without it the 'beeste wallah,' or water carrier, would have to renew his leather bag or bucket, in which he carries the water around, much oftener than he does now.

"The 'syce,' or groom, uses it to keep the 'sahib's' harness in good order, and a valuable attribute of the oil is, especially in such a climate as India, that it repels rats and vermin. In Assam the plant is widely cultivated as a food for the silk worm. The stalks, which give an excellent pulp, are used for thatching purposes. The oilcake is largely consumed as fuel, and is also used as a manure. In Jeypore, the palace, public offices and streets are lighted with gas made from a cheap variety of castor oil, grown for the purpose. The natives use the leaves as fodder for their cattle, declaring that it increases the yield of milk. One thing they have not succeeded yet in doing in India, and that is to produce a marketable, medicinal oil. This is chiefly made in France, Belgium and England, from the imported seeds, Bombay doing a large export trade in this industry.

Fighting Flies.

Housekeepers are always glad of any information which will help them to conquer those enemies of their summer's peace—flies. Here are two items which experience has proved of use in the battle:

We all know how flies settle upon a screen door in rainy weather, or upon those of the kitchen in any weather, waiting for an opportunity to slip in as soon as it is opened. If a cloth dipped in kerosene is rubbed over the outer side of the wire and frame of the screen, the flies will not settle upon it. They do not like kerosene. One application will usually prove effectual for several days.

The other agent—oil of lavender—is for the purpose of disposing of such of the enemy as have already gained an entrance to the house.

Darken all the windows but one. The flies will soon congregate upon that, for flies enjoy sunshine as thoroughly as moths detest it. Now, with an atomizer, spray the window casing with the oil of lavender, and either leave the open bottle upon the sill or saturate a small cloth with some of it. The flies will soon become stupefied, and can then be brushed down and disposed of. If an atomizer is not at hand, rub the casing with a saturated cloth. It is also a good plan to rub the oil over any place that the flies particularly like to light upon. A hanging lamp has often a great attraction for them, but if the shade and chains are rubbed over with the oil they will not light upon it.

Safer Than Lightning Rods.

Each day adds some new virtues to the long list of those already credited to the pneumatic. The latest of these is that the wheels of a bicycle being encircled by a band of India rubber and dry air—which is a perfect insulator—the rider is completely insulated from the earth, and, consequently, is impervious to the attacks of the electric fluid. Thus, day by day it becomes more and more a fact that life without a pneumatic tire is neither safe nor worth having. Any one who suffers from nervousness during a thunder shower has not only go into a barn or the cellar and seat himself upon the saddle of a pneumatic tired bicycle to be perfectly safe from lightning stroke. As the chances of a man on a bicycle being struck by lightning have been carefully calculated to be about one in a billion, the Wheel adds, there will, of course, be some pessimists who will deny that this newly discovered virtue of the pneumatic as a lightning insulator amounts to very much.

Relics of an Indian Massacre.

In 1856 a band of Sioux Indians raided a little colony of settlers who had built cabins on the shores of Lake Okoboji, in Iowa. They massacred all the unfortunates except three young girls, one of whom, Miss Abbie Gardner, is still alive, the only survivor of the tragedy. She now has a museum of Indian relics in the identical cabin that was her home at the time of the massacre. Miss Gardner has secured from the Iowa Legislature an appropriation of $7,000 for a monument to mark the spot, and it is to be dedicated with ceremony.

Eating up the Birds.

To the Italian everything is edible; it is a nation without a palate. It steeps a hare in fennel and eats salt with melons. The craze for devouring birds of all kinds is a specie of fury from the Alps to Etna; they crunch the delicate bodies between their jaws with disgusting relish and a lark represents to them a succulent morsel for the spit or pastry. The trade in larks all over the world is enormous and execrable, and is as large in England as in Italy. It should at once be made penal by heavy fines on the trappers, the venders, and the eaters, or, ere long, no more will the lark be heard on earth. It is admitted by all who know anything on the subject that agriculture would be impossible without the aid of birds, as the larvae and developed insects of all kinds would make a desert of the entire area of cultivated land.

This is well known. Yet, all over the world the destruction of birds rages unchecked and no attempt is made to protect them, to interdict their public sale and to enable them to nest and rear their young in peace. A scientific writer has said that destruction of the individual is umimportant. (He was speaking of the destruction of the great auk.) As matters go now, unless some stringent measures are taken the birds of Europe will, in the next century, be as extinct as is now the dinornis. The ornithopil societies of France and Switzerland have more than once written that unless the birds be protected in Italy they must perish all over Europe, since so great a variety of races wing their way to the south in winter and there are ruthlessly murdered.

Bacteria in Clothes.

Carlyle gave us the philosophy of clothes; now Dr. Seitz, of Munich, gives us their bacteriology. On examining a worsted stocking he found 956 thriving colonies, while on a cotton sock there were 712. Both these articles had been worn, but no information is vouchsafed as to the personal habits of the wearer. Thirty-three colonies were found on a glove, twenty on a piece of woolen stuff and nine on a piece of cloth; none of these articles had been worn. On a piece of cloth from a garment which had been worn a week there were twenty-three colonies. Of the micro-organisms found on articles of clothing relatively few were capable of causing disease. The pathogenic species were almost without exception staphylococci.

In one case, however, Dr. Seitz found the typhoid bacillus in articles of clothing from twenty-one to twenty-seven days, and the staphylococcus pyogenes albus nineteen days after they had been worn. The anthrax bacillus found in clothes was still virulent after a year. The microbe of erysipelas, on the other hand, could not be found after eighteen hours, nor the cholera vibrio after three days. Dr. Seitz studied with special care the question whether in tuberculous subjects who sweated profusely the bicillus was conveyed by the perspiration to a piece of linen worn for some time next the skin of the chest. The inoculation of two guinea pigs, however, gave negative results.

Death of a Queer Man.

Thomas Foote, 22 years old, died recently at his home, seven miles from Hancock, N. Y., under peculiar circumstances. He was affected by what he ate to such an extent that when he indulged in beef he would become restless, wander out and bellow like an ox, going down on his hands and knees to eat grass. After he partook of mutton his actions were those of a sheep and he would bleat like a lamb. When he ate chickens he would go out and scratch for worms, which he devoured with apparent relish. His father killed some squirrels, of which the son ate heartily. He left the house and was followed by his father, who soon saw his son jumping from limb to limb of a tree, barking like a squirrel. He called for him to come down, but this only seemed to make the boy want to escape and he attempted to jump from one tree to another. He missed his footing, fell to the ground and expired in less than five minutes.

Built Himself a Wooden Bike.

An employe at the Kentucky Wagon Works, says the Louisville Commercial, who is somewhat of an artist in his line, has gone all the builders of novel bicycles one better, and has constructed a wheel entirely of wood. The frame is of bent hickory, and the wheels, axles, etc., are of wood, but it is a flyer, and few wheelmen of high grade wheels are able to pass it on the street. The machine, as it comes tearing down the granite streets, bearing its owner to and from his work, rattles like a road wagon, attracting considerable attention and creating a great deal of amusement, but the rider gets there just the same. It answers his purpose and saves car fare.

Woman's Rights in Russia.

In Russia, if a man marries an heiress he gets no chance to own her money. There is no marriage settlement; she controls her property throughout her life. This financial independence of the wife has conduced greatly to happy marriages. It is believed that among the well to do people in Russia there are more happy marriages than in most other countries.

The Congregationalists in this country number 583,539.

WILD ANIMAL FARM.

Breeding a Menagerie in a Florida Jungle.

A wild animal stock farm in semi-tropical Florida is the scheme that a circus firm is talking of starting. The land, a plot about six miles square, has been surveyed, it is said, and the firm proposes to go ahead next fall and turn the circus animals out to jungle instead of going into winter quarters. The circus men claim that not only can they in this way provide themselves with wild animals, instead of being obliged to go to Africa and India for specimens, but in addition they expect to be able to supply animals for the zoological exhibits of the country.

The firm claims to have secured an option on a tract of land in the extreme southern part of Florida, about one-half of the thickest, densest swamp jungle possible to imagine. An old traveler in India and Africa, who was sent there to look the ground over, says that it compares favorably with any jungle he has ever seen in the Orient.

The entire section of land will be divided by solid walls of iron fencing so as to keep animals that will not affiliate separate. It is proposed to first lay a strong foundation, then build a low wall of brick some three or four feet high, and then imbed in this to a height of twelve feet more a strong iron fence. The idea is to turn the beasts loose in their respective inclosures, and let them follow their natural inclinations and habits just as they would in their native jungle. As the animals to be propagated are principally of the carnivorous family there will also be bred such smaller animals as they naturally prey upon for food. Special attention will also be given to the breeding of giraffe, camels, zebras, quaggas and other members of the herbivorous family.

In order to protect their preserves a concrete walk will be laid just outside and extending around the entire wall, and watchmen on bicycles will make a tour as often as practicable of the entire inclosure. Certain grasses and herbs indigenous to the countries from which the animals are to be brought will be first planted, in order to provide, as nearly as possible, native foods. An interesting feature of this zoological jungle will be the monkey farm. In this section several acres will be devoted to orange, banana and nut trees, all of which grow naturally there. A wooden frame work, extending above the height of the trees and completely surrounding the farm will be built.—New York Press.

Eloped on a Steer.

A story has been received at Sergent, Ky., of a peculiar mountain elopement and wedding under trying circumstances, followed by the forcible separation of the lovers. Saturday morning a couple from Tuscola, Dickinson County, Va., appeared at Coeburn, a station on the Clinch Valley division of the Norfolk and Western Railroad, having come from their homes, a distance of thirty-two miles, that night on a steer. They were Miss Louella Regal, a peachy cheeked girl of 16, and Burton Preston, aged 18, son of a wealthy farmer They said they came there to get married, but, having no money, and, considering the girl's age, it was impossible to procure a marriage license.

Sympathy for the young couple's woes brought a determination on the part of the many spectators, and someone suggested that they give them enough money to take them to Bristol, Tenn., where it would be no trouble to get married. The sum was at once raised, and when the train pulled up at Coeburn the young people left for Bristol, embraced in each other's arms.

After being married the couple started across the country on foot, a distance of 78 miles, to their home. On arriving at Tacoma, in Wise County, they were suddenly surrounded by three masked men and the girl's father. The young girl was taken from her boy husband after a fight, and young Preston disappeared in the mountains near Tacoma, and is now a fugitive.

New Gold Fields.

North America is likely to find a powerful rival in South Africa in the item of gold production. According to the most reliable figures the product in 1893 was about twenty-eight and a half millions, while in 1894 it was nearly thirty-nine millions of dollars. Experts, who have studied the gold fields of South Africa, announce that that country is becoming one of the most important factors in monetary matters. The ore is in many places exceedingly rich, and forms pockets, streaks and veins, and abounds in pudding stone. Pyrite pebbles are mixed with the gold, and there are large veins of gold-bearing quartz. Very quietly and without attracting more attention than is necessary mining parties are being made up, and preparations are in progress by means of which the product of these rich fields will furnish the bass for important and extensive mining operations.

Ship Was Not Christened.

An unusual event occurred at Genoa during the launching of a new ship called the G. Garibaldi. The ship entered the sea splendidly amid the enthusiastic cheers of the bystanders, but having moved three minutes before the fixed time she could not be blessed by the priest nor be christened with the usual bottle of champagne.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Discouraged at the Outset--Wasn't Feeling Well--A Just Rebuke, Etc., Etc.

DISCOURAGED AT THE OUTSET.

The summer girl, accompanied by her mother, descended from the train at the Springs station and looked about her.

Then she beckoned to a man driving a two seated wagon.

"Sorry, Miss," he responded, "but I'm engaged."

A shadow of disappointment fell over the face of the girl.

"Mamma," she exclaimed, "this is no place for us. The men are so scarce that even the hack drivers are engaged."

At the station beyond the outlook was less disheartening.—Truth.

WASN'T FEELING WELL.

"What cheer, what cheer!" blithely called old Cap'n Blimley, as he rolled into the parlor of the local tonsoria artist, and began pulling off his coat.

"This one," the barber returned, removing the cloth and regarding the mariner with an air of frozen repulsion.

And the Cap'n was that astonished that he forgot to yell when the barber laid open a Turkish crescent on the under side of his chin.—Rockland Tribune.

A JUST REBUKE.

Young Tutter (drawing closer)—I hope, Miss Clara, that your father, in the next room, can't hear what I am saying.

Miss Pinkerly (with dignity)—I hope, Mr. Tutter, that you will say nothing to me that you would not be willing, if necessary, to say to papa.—Life.

WARM.

Waiter—Guest wants his hash warmer.

Cook—Put in this piece of red flannel.—Detroit Tribune.

A NICE, CAREFUL BOY.

Father (coming unexpectedly upon the scene)—Ah! Just as I thought! In swimming on Sunday.

Boy (putting on a bold front)—I fell in, dad.

Father (angrily)—Don't lie to me! You've got your clothes on.

Boy—Well, you wouldn't have wanted me to fall in this muddy water with my Sunday clothes on, would you?—Puck.

THE RULING PASSION.

"What this town needs," said the public spirited citizen, "is extension——"

"That's it," replied the street railway magnate.

"Of the streets."

"No. Of time."—Washington Star.

AT A DISADVANTAGE.

"Willie," said the teacher to the new woman's son, "you are a nice little boy; but you shouldn't give up so easily. You should be more manly."

"I can't," replied Willie, in disconsolation. "Everybody says I don't take after mother."—Washington Star.

HAD ENOUGH.

Dr. Probe—I don't want to worry you about that little bill you owe me, but I do need the money.

Dashaway—I hope you won't worry me, Doc. I don't want to get sick again.—Puck.

THE ELECTION OF THE FUTURE.

Candidate—I can't understand why my support was not greater at the polls.

Manager—I am told a great many of the voters had nothing to wear.—Town Topics.

RIGHT IN HIS LINE.

Parishioner—Do you ever speculate in bonds, Mr. Thumper?

Pastor—Only matrimonial, Mr. Pewrent.—Judge.

A SUMMER THOUGHT.

The poet sings in glowing rapture pent,
While the white clouds in airy grace unfurl:
"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by the summer girl!"

THE FEATURES.

"And what were the main features of Hannigahan's wake?"

"Eyes, to be sure."

"Eyes?"

"Yis. Blacked wans."—Indianapolis Journal.

APPARENTLY A NOVICE.

She—Don't you think he is a good dentist?

He—I'm afraid he hasn't had much experience. I knew I had two cavities in my teeth, and that's all he could find.—Puck.

INNOCENT.

Lawyer—It has been proved that the stone thrown by my client did hit the plaintiff. That very fact should acquit her.

Judge—What?

Lawyer—It shows that she couldn't possibly have aimed at the plaintiff—Philadelphia Record.

WRITTEN ON WATER.

Dillby—What have you been doing all the day?

Twillby (poetically inclined)—I have been down to the beach writing sonnets on the beautiful sea.

Dillby—Gad! What a blessing it would be if all ambitious poets wrote their poems on the sea, and left them there!

Impure Blood

Manifests itself in hives, pimples, boils and other eruptions which disfigure the face and cause pain and annoyance. By purifying the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cures these troubles and clears the skin. Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes that tired, drowsy feeling so general at this season and gives strength and vigor. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents

Caught Their Attention.

The new Canon of Westminster was once terribly interrupted by the incessant coughing of his congregation. Whereon he suddenly paused in his sermon and interjected the remark: "Last night I was dining with the Prince of Wales." The effect was miraculous, and a deathly silence reigned as the preacher continued: "As a matter of fact, I was not dining with the Prince of Wales last night, but with my own family. I am glad, however, to find that I have at last secured your attention."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Many a corn may lurk behind a polished shoe.

They Cure the Cause.

Most of the discomfort in life comes from the stomach. You'll admit that without argument. The proof is in your own stomach.

A great many seemingly different diseases come from the common cause—a disordered stomach. Coming from one cause, it is natural that they should all be cured by one medicine. Ripans Tabules not only cure the disease—they cure the cause.

They are good for dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, constipation, dizziness and all troubles of the stomach, liver and bowels. Druggists sell them.

Have but few friends, though much acquaintance.

Tobacco Tattered and Torn.

Every day we meet the man with shabby clothes, sallow skin and shambling footsteps, holding out a tobacco-palsied hand for the charity quarter. Tobacco destroys manhood and the happiness of perfect vitality. No-To-Bac is guaranteed to cure just such cases, and it's charity to make them try. Sold under guarantee to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

About the hardest thing to reform is a reformer.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Happy is the man who sees his folly in his youth.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory, Binghamton, N. Y.

All powerful souls have kindred with each other.

What a Sense of Relief it is to Know that you have no corns. Hindercorns removes them, and is comforting. 15c. at druggists.

Cast no dirt into the well that gives you water.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—REV. D BUCHMUELLER, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, 1894.

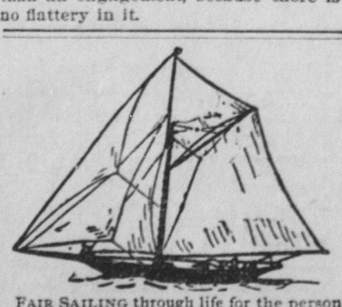
The mortal who expects bad luck will get it.

Parker's Ginger Tonic is Popular for good work. Suffering, sleepless, nervous women find nothing so soothing and reviving.

A pretty woman is never quite without hope.

Wife used "[illegible] and Friend" before first child—was quickly relieved; suffered but little; recovery rapid. E. E. JOHNSTON, Eufaula, Ala.

A marriage is more prosaic and dull than an engagement, because there is no flattery in it.



FAIR SAILING through life for the person who keeps in health. With a torpid liver and the impure blood that follows it, you are an easy prey to all sorts of ailments. That "used-up" feeling is the first warning that your liver isn't doing its work.

That is the time to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, to repel disease and build up the needed flesh and strength, there's nothing to equal it. It rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, braces up the whole system, and restores health and vigor.

SOUTHERN BUSINESS UNIVERSITY

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NEARLY 400 STUDENTS LAST YEAR. Thoroughly PRACTICAL Commercial Course, with complete Banking and Office Department. SHORTHAND and TYPEWRITING a specialty. Both sexes admitted. No vacations. Expenses moderate. Write for catalogue and journal.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

IMPERIAL GRANUM

IT IS

THE BEST FOOD

FOR

Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and AGED PERSONS

JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Man Overboard."

TEXT: "So the shipmaster came to him and said unto him: 'What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not.'"—Jonah i., 6.

God told Jonah to go to Nineveh on an unpleasant errand. He would not go. He thought to get away from his duty by putting to sea. With pack under his arm I find him on his way to Joppa, a seaport. He goes down among the shipping and says to the men lying around on the docks, "Which of these vessels sails to-day?" The sailors answer, "Yonder is a vessel going to Tarshish. I think if you hurry you may get on board her." Jonah steps on board the rough craft, asks how much the fare is, and pays it. Anchor is weighed, sails are hoisted, and the rigging begins to rattle in the strong breeze of the Mediterranean. Joppa is an exposed harbor, and it does not take long for the vessel to get on the broad sea. The sailors like what they call a "spanking breeze," and the plunge of the vessel from the crest of a tall wave is exhilarating to those at home on the deep. But the strong breeze becomes a gale, the gale a hurricane. The affrighted passengers ask the captain if he ever saw anything like this before.

"Oh, yes," he says. "This is nothing." Mariners are slow to admit danger to landsmen. But after awhile crash goes the mast, and the vessel pitches so far "abeam's end" there is a fear she will not be righted. The captain answers few questions, and orders the throwing out of boxes and bundles and of so much of the cargo as they can get at. The captain at last confesses there is but little hope and tells the passengers that they had better go to praying. It is seldom that a sea captain is an atheist. He knows that there is a God, for he has seen Him at every point of latitude between Sandy Hook and Queenstown. Captain Moody, commanding the Cuba of the Cunard line, at Sunday service led the music and sang like a Methodist. The captain of this Mediterranean craft, having set the passengers to praying, goes around examining the vessel at every point. He descends into the cabin to see whether in the strong wrestling of the waves the vessel had sprung aleak, and he finds Jonah asleep. Jonah had had a wearisome tramp and had spent many sleepless nights about questions of duty, and he is so sound asleep that all the thunder of the storm and the screaming of the passengers does not disturb him. The captain lays hold of him and begins to shake him out of his unconsciousness with the cry: "Don't you see that we are all going to the bottom? Wake up and go to praying if you have any God to go to. What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." The rest of the story I will not rehearse, for you know it well. To appease the sea, they threw Jonah overboard.

Learn that the devil takes a man's money and then sets him down in a poor landing place. The Bible says he paid his fare to Tarshish. But see him get out. The sailors bring him to the side of the ship, lift him over the guards and let him drop with a loud splash into the waves. He paid his fare all the way to Tarshish, but did not get the worth of his money. Neither does any one who turns his back on his duty and does that which is not right.

There is a young man who during the past year has spent a large part of his salary in carousal. What has he gained by it? A soiled reputation, a half starved purse, a dissipated look, a petulant temper, a disturbed conscience. The manacles of one or two bad habits that are pressing tighter and tighter will keep on until they wear to the bone. You paid your fare to Tarshish, but you have been set down in the midst of a sea of disquietude and perplexity.

One hundred dollars for Sunday horse hire.
One hundred dollars for wine suppers.
One hundred dollars for cigars.
One hundred dollars for frolics that shall be nameless.

Making four hundred dollars for his damnation!

Instead of being in Tarshish now he is in the middle of the Mediterranean.

Here is a literary man tired of the faith of his father who resolves to launch out into what is called freethinking. He buys Theodore Parker's works for $12, Renan's "Life of Christ" for $1.50, Andrew Jackson Davis's works for $20. Goes to hear infidels talk at the clubs and to see spiritualism at the table rapping. Talks glibly of David, the psalmist, as an old libertine, of Paul as a wild enthusiast and of Christ as a decent kind of a man, a little weak in some respects, but almost as good as himself. Talks smilingly of Sunday as a good day to put a little extra blacking on one's boots and of Christians as, for the most part, hypocrites of eternity as "the great to be," "the everlasting now" or "the infinite what is it." Some day he gets his feet very wet and finds himself that night chilly; the next morning has a hot mouth and is headachy; sends word over to the store that he will not be there to-day; bathes his feet; has mustard plasters; calls the doctor. The medical man says aside, "This is going to be a bad case of congestion of the lungs." Voice fails. Children must be kept down stairs or sent to the neighbors to keep the house quiet. You say, "Send for the minister." But no. He does not believe in ministers. You say, "Read the Bible to him." No; he does not believe in the Bible. A lawyer comes in, and sitting by his bedside writes a document that begins: "In the name of God, amen. I, being of sound mind, do make this my last will and testament." It is certain where the sick man's body will be in less than a week. It is quite certain who will get his property. But what will become of his soul? It will go into "the great to be," or "the everlasting now," or "the infinite what is it." His soul is in deep waters, and the wind is "blowing great guns." Death cries, "Overboard with the unbeliever!" A splash. He goes to the bottom. He paid $5 for his ticket to Tarshish when he bought the infidel books. He landed in perdition.

Every farthing you spend in sin satan will swindle you out of. He promises you shall have thirty per cent. or a great dividend. He lies. He will sink all the capital. You may pay full fare to some sinful success, but you will never get to Tarshish.

Learn how soundly men will sleep in the midst of danger. The worst sinner on shipboard, considering the light he had, was Jonah. He was a member of the church, while they were heathen. The sailors were engaged in their lawful calling, following the sea. The merchants on board, I suppose, were going down to Tarshish to barter, but Jonah, notwithstanding his Christian profession, was flying from duty. He was sound asleep in the cabin. He has been motionless for hours—his arms and feet in the same posture as when he lay down—his breast heaving with deep respiration. Oh, how could he sleep? What if the ship struck a rock? What if it sprang aleak? What if the clumsy oriental craft should capsize? What would become of Jonah?

So men sleep soundly now amid perils infinite. In almost every place, I suppose, the Mediterranean might be sounded, but no line is long enough to fathom the profound beneath every impenitent man. Plunging a thousand fathoms down, you cannot touch bottom. Eternity beneath him, before him, around him! Rocks close by and whirlpools and hot breathed Levanters. Yet sound asleep! We try to wake him up, but fail. The great surges of warning break over the hurricane deck, the gong of warning sounds through the cabin, the bell rings. "Awake!" cry a hundred voices. Yet sound asleep in the cabin.

In the year 1775 the captain of a Greenland whaling vessel found himself at night surrounded by icebergs and "lay to" until morning, expecting every moment to be ground to pieces. In the morning he looked about and saw a ship near by. He hailed it. No answer. Getting into a boat with some of the crew, he pushed out for the mysterious craft. Getting near by, he saw through the porthole a man at a stand, as though keeping a logbook. He hailed him. No answer. He went on board the vessel and found the man sitting at the logbook, frozen to death. The logbook was dated 1762, showing that the vessel had been wandering for thirteen years among the ice. The sailors were found frozen among the hammocks and others in the cabin. For thirteen years this ship had been carrying its burden of corpses.

So from this gospel craft to-day I descry voyagers for eternity. I cry: "Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!" No answer. They float about, tossed and ground by the icebergs of sin, hoisting no sail for heaven. I go on board. I find all asleep. It is a frozen sleep. Oh, that my Lord Jesus would come aboard and lay hold of the wheel and steer the craft down into the warm gulf stream of His mercy! Awake, thou that sleepest! Arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life.

Again, notice that men are aroused by the most unexpected means. If Jonah had been told one year before that a heathen sea captain would ever awaken him to a sense of danger, he would have scoffed at the idea, but here it is done. So now men in strangest ways are aroused from spiritual stupor. A profane man is brought to conviction by the shocking blasphemy of a comrade. A man attending church and hearing a sermon from the text, "The ox knoweth his owner," etc., goes home impressed, but, crossing his barnyard, an ox come up and licks his hand, and he says: "There it is now. 'The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib,' but I do not know God." The careless remark of a teamster has led a man to thoughtfulness and heaven. The child's remark: "Father, they have prayers at uncle's house. Why don't we have them?" has brought salvation to the dwelling.

By strangest ways and in the most unexpected manner men are awakened. The gardener of the Countess of Huntingdon was convicted of sin by hearing the countess on the opposite side of the wall talk about Jesus. John Hardoak was aroused by a dream, in which he saw the last day, and the judge sitting, and heard his own name called with terrible emphasis, "John Hardoak, come to judgment!" The Lord has a thousand ways of waking up Jonah. Would that the messengers of mercy might now find their way down into the sides of the ship, and that many who are unconsciously rocking in the awful tempest of their sin might hear the warning: "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise and call upon thy God!"

Again: Learn that a man may wake up too late. If, instead of sleeping, Jonah had been on his knees confessing his sins from the time he went on board the craft, I think that God would have saved him from being thrown overboard. But he woke up too late. The tempest is in full blast, and the sea, in convulsion, is lashing itself, and nothing will stop it now but the overthrow of Jonah.

Now, lest any of you should make this mistake, I address you in the words of the Mediterranean sea captain: "What meanest thou, O, sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." If you have a God, you had better call upon Him. Do you say, "I have no God?" Then you had better call upon your father's God. When your father was in trouble, whom did he fly to? You heard him in his old days tell about some terrible exposure in a snowstorm, or at sea, or in battle, or among midnight garroters, and how he escaped. Perhaps twenty years before you were born your father made sweet acquaintance with God. There is something in the worn pages of the Bible he used to read which makes you think your father had a God. In the old religious books lying around the house, here are passages marked with a lead pencil—passages that make you think your father was not a godless man, but that, on that dark day when he lay in the back room dying he was ready—all ready. But perhaps your father was a bad man—prayerless and a blasphemer—and you never think of him now without a shudder. He worshiped the world or his own appetites. Do not then, I beg of you, call upon your father's God, but call on your mother's God. I think she was good. You remember when your father came home drunk late on a cold night, how patient your mother was. You often heard her pray. She used to sit by the hour meditating as though she were thinking of some good, warm place, where it never gets cold, and where the bread does not fail, and staggering steps never come. You remember her now as she sat in cap and spectacles reading her Bible Sunday afternoon. What good advice she used to give you! How black and terrible the hole in the ground looked to you when with two ropes they let her down to rest in the graveyard! Ah, I think from your look that I am on the right track. Awake, O sleeper, and call upon thy mother's God.

But perhaps both your father and mother were depraved. Perhaps your cradle was rocked by sin and shame, and it is a wonder that from such a starting you have come to respectability. Then don't call upon the God of either of your parents I beg of you.

But you have children. You know God kindled those bright eyes and rounded those healthy limbs and set beating within their breast an immortality. Perhaps in the belief that somehow it would be for the best you have taught them to say an evening prayer, and when they kneel beside you and fold their little hands and look up, their faces all innocence and love, you know that there is a God somewhere about in the room.

I think I am on the right track at last. Awake, O sleeper, and call upon the God of thy children! May He set these little ones to pulling at thy heart until they charm thee to the same God to whom to-night they will say their little prayers.

But, alas, alas, some of these men and women are unmoved by the fact that their father had a God, that their mother had a God, and their children have a God, but they have no God. All the divine goodness for nothing. All warning for nothing. They are sound asleep in the side of the ship, though the sea and sky are in mad wrestle.

Many years ago a man, leaving his family in Massachusetts, sailed from Boston to China to trade there. On the coast of China in the midst of a night of storm he made shipwreck. The adventurer was washed up on the beach senseless—all his money gone. He had to beg in the streets of Canton to keep from starving. For two years there was no communication between himself and family. They supposed him dead. He knew not but that his family were dead. He had gone out as a captain. He was too proud to come back as a private sailor. But after a while he choked down his pride and sailed for Boston. Arriving there he took an evening train for the center of the State, where he had left his family. Taking the stage from the depot and riding a score of miles, he got home. He says that, going up in front of the cottage in the bright moonlight, the place looked to him like heaven. He rapped on the window, and the affrighted servant let him in. He went to the room where his wife and child were sleeping. He did not dare to wake them for fear of the shock. Bending over to kiss his child's cheek, a tear fell upon the wife's face, and she wakened, and he said: "Mary!" and she knew his voice, and there was an indescribable scene of welcome and joy and thanksgiving to God.

To-day I know that many of you are sea tossed and driven by sin in a worse storm than that which came down on the coast of China, and yet I pray God that you may, like the sailor, live to get home. In the house of many mansions your friends are waiting to meet you. They are wondering why you do not come. Escaped from the shipwrecks of earth, may you at last go in! It will be a bright night—a very bright night as you put your thumb on the latch of that door. Once in you will find the old family faces sweeter than when you last saw them, and there it will be found that He who was your father's God, and your mother's God, and your children's God, is your own most blessed Redeemer, to whom be glory and dominion throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

SHAM EARTHQUAKES.

How San Francisco's City Hall Was Made to Shake.

The tragic death of James Wilkinson at the Old City Hall has called up many reminiscences of the ancient rattletrap, and many tales are told of how the structure has been considered dangerous for a quarter of a century and more—ever since it was so badly shaken up by the great earthquake of 1868. John J. Cunningham yesterday told of how earthquakes became of everyday occurence there along in the '70's and of how two court rooms were cleared by a couple of merry wags. This was his tale:

"In 1876 the southeast corner of Washington and Kearny streets—the part of the building that James Wilkinson lost his life in—was occupied by the Recorder's office. Otto H. Frank was then City and County Recorder. He was an amiable man, slightly affected with deafness and permitted his attaches to do about as they pleased.

"The copying clerks engaged at twelve cents a folio had considerable superfluous time on their hands and were generally mischievous. So they took to improvising earthquakes by shaking the building and frightening the uninitiated. The custom was to detail one of the clerks to take "tab" downstairs, and make a note of the number of the unsophisticated present. When things were propitious he reported up stairs, and the earthquakes were delivered to order. On the second floor there stood a number of bookstands incasing old files of the Examiner from its first publication.

"Generally one of the copyists got on one side of the stands and alternated with the other in lifting and tugging. The building would begin to oscillate from north to south and the stampede would commence. None held the ground except case hardened clerks and timeworn searchers of records.

"All habitues of the old hall remember the shattered condition of the building that poor Wilkinson was killed in, how it was almost razed to the ground in the big earthquake of '68; the cost to the city for renovating it before it became habitable, and the great hurry of the authorities to move the Hall of Records to the beehive now occupied at the New City Hall.

"Then the Justices of the Peace and their clerks were ensconced at the old Hall of Records. Frank J. Murphy was then Justices' Clerk. Justices James C. Pennie and Edward Gilson held court in the upper story, and I well remember an afternoon when both Judges were holding court. Two of the scamps from the Recorder's office invaded the top story of the old building and commenced a rataplan on the iron shutters over the heads of both Judges. Both courtrooms were cleared as smooth as Mother Hubbard's cupboard in five seconds, judges, attorneys and clients all believed an earthquake was in progress and the courts were informally adjourned for the day. All of this I saw, and a part of it I was."

No More Old Age.

A French physician makes the announcement that he has discovered the microbe of old age and gives the results of some experiments tending to prove that his discovery is invested with all the importance that such a revelation merits.

The microbe he has discovered is not only found alone in the blood of aged people, but if it is injected into the veins of a young person it produces at once all the physical manifestations of senility.

But Dr. Brisson goes a good ways futher and declares that the injection of a certain serum, which he has also found, destroys these microbes in the blood of an aged person, and that, barring accidents and disease, a man may live indefinitely so long as the microbes can be destroyed in the blood.

It may, therefore, be possible that we are on the borders of another Methuselan age, and it is probable that the reason for the remarkable longevity of the patriarchs in Old Testament times may be due to the fact that the "old age microbe" had not been developed, and so Methuselah and Noah kept living because an electric car did not run over them or the vermiform appendix did not get on the rampage and carry them off.

But with the improved facilities for killing people in these days of grade crossings, trolley cars and bicycles, it is really necessary that something should be done to give a man half a chance for existence, especially with this microbe galloping up and down in his veins, puckering up his face, destroying his eyesight and eliminating his teeth, so that in the youthful days hovering about the end of his four score years he breaks down and dies not because of old age but because he has his blood full of microbes.

A Seal Who Knew a Good Thing.

A Portland, Me., man captured a young seal a short time ago and took it to his fish house on the pier. After feeding the animal a few days the captor finally decided to release it. The seal would not swim away when put in the harbor, and cried to be taken back. Afterward it was taken down the harbor and dropped overboard, but swam alongside a vessel and cried so piteously that it was taken on board and brought back to its owner. Now it goes out to swim, but invariably returns for rations of milk, and is as intelligent as the most "knowing" dog.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

CAVE IN THE SIERRA NEVADAS.

Dark Cavern Where Myriads of Bats and Other Creatures Make Homes.

Of all the strange places to be found in the remote recesses of the Sierra Nevadas none is any stranger than a bat cave in Kaweah canyon. There is nothing particularly strange about the cave itself, but the fact that it is the dwelling place of thousands of web-winged animals makes it a most uncanny and unusual spot. The cave is in the wall of the canyon, not far back from the water in the rainy season, and there is nothing about the appearance of the opening to attract attention during the day. But approach the place at about dusk, and a black stream of shadowy forms will be seen passing in and out of the opening accompanied by the most peculiar odor in the world and a soft rustling sound. The bats have been asleep all day and are going in search of food. To enter the cave in the daytime is not a difficult task, but is somewhat unpleasant. The opening is large, and a man can enter in an erect position. About ten feet in the entrance makes a turn, and an inky blackness exists. Go a little farther, so as to be away from the air at the entrance, and a most disagreeable odor strikes the nostrils and every few feet one treads upon the body of a bat. While the cave is in darkness a profound silence exists, but strike a light and a sound like a waterfall is heard. Thousands of bats that have been asleep at once awake and commence to fly in circles about the cavern, which can be seen to be very large. Round and round they go, increasing in speed every moment, and the odor of the cave becomes more and more disagreeable. When this happens it is a wise thing for the explorer to make his escape and postpone further investigation until night, at which time the cave is deserted. Even the dead bats on the floor will disappear, having been eaten by the others as soon as they awoke.

Neat Reproof.

Perhaps the neatest reproof to a long-winded preacher was that given by Harvey Combe when Lord Mayor to Dr. Parr. As they were coming out of church together, Parr was so foolish as to ask the other how he liked his sermon. "Well, doctor, to speak, firmly, there were four things in it that I did not like to hear. They were the quarters of the church clock which struck before you had finished."

Zanzibarian Slavery.

The British agent at Zanzibar reports that slavery in the protectorate can be stopped only by maintaining an efficient coast guard, which would cost £35,000 a year, while to free the slaves now held as such would cost £200,000.

LINENE REVERSIBLE

Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,

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Story of a California Pioneer.

At a recent gathering of California pioneers at Baltimore, one of the best stories was told by the secretary of the association, John L. Stieff. He compared the "spread" before them with the pork and beans which were served in the mining camps twenty-one times a week, year in and year out, and said the absence of women in California had taught him how to appreciate them. Nearly all the time he was there he had to do all his own cooking, washing and mending. Part of the time he was in California he was merchandising and getting such prices as these for goods: Long shovels, $16; checkered shirts, $3 each; long boots, $32 a pair; copies of the Baltimore Sun, any date, $1 each; flour, 50 cents a pound, and picks, $16 each. A "stiff" drink of whisky was worth about $8.

Every man longs to be a woman just long enough to show what a good wife he would be.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

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brimming full of illustrations, and showing how the thousand-and-one things really look. You'll like that.

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You can see our LOVELL DIAMOND BICYCLE—The Finest Wheel on Earth,—the Williams Typewriter—you ought to have one. There's lots of other things too.

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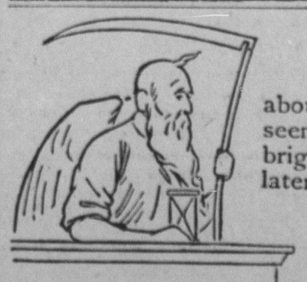

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FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—20 cents per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Other rates made made known on application.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. Aug. 15

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

For Prothonotary,
WM. F. SMITH.

For District Attorney,
WM. J. SINGER.

LAST Saturday's primaries, in a half dozen counties, like those of the previous Saturday, went quite Quayish.

The fight is up to 500 deg.

BAD as was the last legislature it is a pity that the governor didn't kill a single snake with his veto club, and there were so many within his reach.

BOTH the Quay and Hastings factions are claiming a majority in the next state convention. Somebody is going to be badly fooled and badly licked.

THE Valentine iron works shut down under the M'Kinley tariff, and started up under the Wilson tariff, and last week increased wages 10 cents per day.

THE Mifflinburg Telegraph, heretofore non-committal, has pronounced in favor of Quay. Will its neighbor, the heroic News, now get on one side or the other of the fence?

QUAY is undoubtedly making big strides on the home stretch, and from his headquarters we have direct information that he has a surprise in store when the convention comes off.

QUAY has sent out an alarm fearing chairman Gilkeson will doctor the roll for the coming Republican state convention. No doubt of it, and no one knows better than Quay how such things have been done.

A BOWER club from Bellefonte is to attend the Williamsport convention in the interest of C. M. Bower for superior judge. The most catching yell of the club would be, Bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-er. We could all join in that.

THE Republican state convention will meet in Harrisburg, August 28. All the wild animals will then be let out of their cages.

The Democratic state convention will meet in Williamsport, September 11th.

EVERY reader of the "Reporter" would be doing the manly thing by becoming a subscriber instead of a borrower. We often have subscribers report to us that persons annoy them by being regular borrowers of their paper.

THE Democracy can point with pride to two administrations that were models of economy and honesty; but what have we now? a shameful waste of the public funds millions beyond the revenues of the state.

Not thus under Cleveland and Pattison.

QUAY wrote a letter the other day on the political fuss now going on in the ranks of his party, in which he champions purity and reform in politics and public affairs. No one knows more about it than Quay, because it is the atmosphere he breathed for twenty-five years, and if he is a sincerely repentant, just let him tell all knows and had a hand in, and it will do more to open the eyes of the people than a mere letter championing reform.

QUAY'S BATTLE IS WON.

Saturday was a field day for the supporters of Senator Quay in his contest for the chairmanship of the State committee. The sweep in Schuylkill and Montgomery clearly exhibited the conditions and phases of the battle. Both counties were confidently claimed by the opponents of Quay and both were lost and by decided votes after a contest of unexampled bitterness and effort, says the Philadelphia *Times*.

The defeat in Montgomery is one of the most impressive of the many impressive lessons taught Governor Hastings since this battle began. It is the home of one of his own cabinet officers, who is presumed to be omnipotent in his county with the Governor's borrowed popularity. Congressman Wagner was drafted into the service because Gilkeson's county is part of his district and all appliances of power, legitimate and disreputable, that promised to aid in the overthrow of Quay, were summoned to aid in the conflict.

The result in Montgomery is a most disastrous and humiliating defeat for Hastings, although he does not in any sense deserve it beyond the fact that he has permitted his plumes to be worn unworthily by those who seek his power for selfish ends. It is a defeat that is an irretrievable disaster, for it was the admitted battle ground of the two great factions, with every advantage in favor of the Martin-Magee Combine of lobbyists, and it will have a powerful influence on the primaries to be held in this city on the 20th instant.

Senator Quay has now a clear majority of the convention already elected. On this point we speak considerately. We have no information that is not accessible to any other intelligent and dispassionate observer of current events, but everyone who has looked the situation squarely in the face must now know that there are over 145 delegates already elected who will vote to make Senator Quay chairman of the Republican State committee. Of the dozen or so delegates to be elected on Saturday next he will have nine-tenths of them and in Philadelphia there will be from 15 to 20 or possibly 25 elected in his favor, in addition to the actual and positive majority he has in the list of already chosen delegates.

It is possible that Governor Hastings is deceived on this point, but, if so, he has been most unjust to himself, and those about him are either ignorant of the situation or cruelly withhold the facts. He ought to know, that of the men elected in his favor apparently on the distinct issue a considerable number will certainly vote for Quay with or without his approval; and he ought to know, also, that there is not a single Republican member of the Superior Court who would not be glad to see the factional contest ended by the unanimous election of both Hastings and Quay to respective positions for which they are candidates.

It is never wise for a man to cheat himself. It would be reasonable for Lobbyists Martin and Magee to insist that they have Quay defeated and thereby the Governor vindicated. They are playing for desperate stakes and they may be pardoned in claiming power they have not, but Governor Hastings should look the truth in the face and the hour that he gets down to an exact horizontal view of the present contest in all its varied phases and hidden intricacies he must learn that Quay has now a majority of the convention already elected and will have an overwhelming majority on the 28th of August.

It has been a desperate battle and it is logical that it should be so. When the Republican organizations in the country districts came to face the fact that a factional fight was forced upon them apparently under the banner of the Governor but in reality to give two professional lobbyists the absolute control of party organization, patronage and plunder, three-fourths of them have openly revolted and the Republican people of every section of the state when not controlled by corrupt political machinery have voted overwhelmingly in favor of Quay and apparently against Hastings. These organizations are not only now arrayed against the lobbyists who are fighting under the banner of the Governor, but they have been embittered to aggressive action and the one who will most feel the retributive sting will be Governor Hastings himself. Such a contest could have but one result in a great state like Pennsylvania and it is creditable to a great party of intelligence and integrity to find it vindicating itself triumphantly and being able to hurl its defiance at the debauched political control of Philadelphia.

The battle is over; Philadelphia is voiceless in the contest and will be remembered in it only for the shame its leadership attempted to bring upon the Republican party of the state.

LATE NEWS.

A cold wave is on the way and will reach here by Friday night. It left a killing frost in Montana last Tuesday night.

Dr. Bates, aged 84 years, one of the oldest physicians in the county, died at Gatesburg on Wednesday.

Senator Gorman says the Democrats will win in 1896. We say so too.

A mob took a father and son from prison in the state of Washington and lynched them.

Philadelphia had a half million dollar fire this week.

Wheat, in Philadelphia, 69¾.

Peaches are plenty in the eastern market.

The Lexow committee has begun to investigate the rottenness of the Philadelphia city government.

The increase of wages in different sections of the country is still going on and shops and mills continue to start up.

Soon Here.

Three weeks from next Saturday the grangers picnic opens at this place to continue for one week. The town will soon begin to put on a lively air, and strangers will be plenty seeking privileges from the management.

Figured China Silks, 20c. a yard. Striped Wash Silks, 30c. a yard. Lyon & Co,

Wanted, at Lyon & Co's store, Beellefonte, 50,000 lbs. of Wool.

SERIOUS RUN-OFF.

Two Ladies Dumped Into the Creek at Spring Mills—Buggy Wrecked.

A serious run-off happened at Spring Mills on last Friday afternoon. Mrs. James M'Clintick and her hired girl, Miss Katie Frederick, of Farmer's Mills, had gone to Spring Mills in a buggy. On their return as they got to the foot of the hill below Chas. P. Long's store, a traction engine was left standing by the road while the hands were away to dinner. In trying to pass the engine the horse took fright and ran off; crossing the first bridge the buggy struck the edge of it and both ladies were tumbled headlong into Penn's creek. Parties witnessing the accident hastened to the bridge and rescued the unfortunate ladies. Mrs. M'Clintick was taken out unconscious and it was over an hour before she came to again, having sustained some severe bruises, and, we are informed, is now out of danger.

Miss Frederick was taken out more frightened than hurt, beyond some light bruises. In the absence of immediate assistance, Mrs. M'Clintick would undoubtedly have drowned.

The buggy was upset and the horse dashed furiously on completely wrecking buggy and harness.

As a thing to frighten horses, a traction engine is a perfect success.

RATES TO BOSTON.

One Fare for the Round Trip via Pennsylvania Railroad.

From August 23 to 26, inclusive, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Boston, Mass., going and returning by the same route at a single fare for the round trip, account Twenty-sixth Trienniel Conclave of Knights Templar, to be held in Boston, August 26 to 30. The tickets will be good to return leaving Boston not later than September 10, and must be used to destination on Pennsylvania Railroad not later than midnight of September 11.

Excursion tickets, good going via one route and returning via another, will be sold on the same dates at a slight advance over the one-fare rate for the round trip.

Strange Death of a Woman in a Hay Field.

The dangers of the hay field took a new form near Clearfield a few days ago, when Mrs. Fred Marshall, the wife of a well-known farmer of Luthersburg, was killed, being thrown fifty feet in the air and over a high embankment. The woman was assisting her husband to load hay on a wagon standing on a side hill. The wagon was filled, and the long pole with which it was to be bound was being fastened by Mr. Marshall. His wife, sitting on the pole, helped him to hold it down. Suddenly the wagon toppled over, the pole catching in the woman's clothes. At the same time the man was thrown from his position, and the pole, springing forward, the woman, with terrific force, shot into the air. She was hurled at least fifty feet, landing at the foot of the hill, and died within a short time.

Stricken With Paralysis.

On Saturday, Augus 3rd, Mr. Henry R. Smith was stricken with paralysis at the home of his son at Potters Mills, with whom he was visiting. Mr. Smith for many years was a citizen of Potter township, and afterwards moved to Pine Grove Mills. While here he engaged in farming and later kept store at Potters Mills. He has been an invalid for some time, having been disabled from an attack of the same disease some time ago.

Committed Suicide.

Miss Theresa Moyer, aged twenty-six years, of Harrisburg, while visiting with her mother the family of Samuel Howard, at Lewistown, committed suicide on Wednesday morning by shooting herself through the head with a target rifle. The deed was committed in the bed room, the mother being awakened by the report of the gun. The girl had been suffering from melancholia for some time.

Making Headway.

The new Reformed church is gradually getting under way and is slowly towering upwards. The masons have the foundation about completed and in a short time will be ready for the carpenters to begin. Once the frame work of the building is erected, the masons will start at once on the outside casing of our mountain blue stone.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were granted during the past week:

Aaron Rhine and Ellen Glasgo, of Potter twp.

Z. I. Woodring and Gertrude Stetler, of Port Matilda.

Willard Dale, of College twp., and Sadie L. Ishler, of Benner twp.

Sutton W. Castrite and Lydia M. Richard, of Sandy Ridge.

Figured China Silks, 20c. a yard. Striped Wash Silks, 30c. a yard. Lyon & Co.

Wanted, at Lyon & Co's store, Bellefonte, 50,000 lbs. of Wool

—Subscribe for the REPORTER.

Sacrifice Sale

OF

ALL SUMMER GOODS

DRY GOODS.

Challies,	3c	Bed Ticking,	6½c
Better Challies,	4c	Dress Cambrics,	4c
Dimmities,	8c	All Wool Serge, 40 inch, black and all other colors,	35c
Dress Ginghams,	4½c	Turkey Red, and White Table Linen,	19c
China Silk,	18c	Bleached Table Linen, 24 and	25c
Striped Wash Silks,	25c	Ladies' Summer Vests,	4c
Light Calicoes,	3½c	Unbleached Muslins,	3½c
Crepes,	10c	The very heaviest Unbleached Muslin made, 1 yd. wide,	5½c
Fine French Gingham from 8½ to	12½	The best Bleached Muslin,	6½c
Organdie Lawn,	6½c	Bleached Muslin as low as	4½c
Striped Shirtings,	4½c		
Light Wrappers,	69c		
Summer Corsets,	39c		
Blue Prints,	4c		

SHOES.

All Summer Shoes One-Third Off.

Ladies' Oxfords,	69c
Ladies' Fine Dongola Oxfords,	that were $1.25 now 94c
Ladies' Russet Lace Shoes,	that were $1.75 now $1.39
Ladies' Russet Shoes,	that were $2.50 now $1.85
Ladies' Fine Dongola Kid Lace Shoes,	that were $2.00 now $1.48
Ladies' Finest Dongola Goodyear Welt,	that were $2.35 now $1.90

Worth 75 cents a pair more.

Ladies' Genuine Dongola Kid, every pair warranted, $1.15 and $1.25

See What We Have for the Children.

Infant's Kid Shoes,	24c, 29c and 39c
Children's Wedge Heel Shoes,	that were 50c now 39c
Stockings,	5c per pair

Tan Stockings, fine quality, reduced one-half.

CLOTHING.

For The Men.

All Wool Cheviot Suits,	as low as $5.00
All Wool Cassimere Suits,	$5.00
Fine Pants,	worth $5.00 and $4.50, now $2.00
Fine Pants,	worth $4.00 and $3.50, now $1.75
Men's Strictly All Wool Pants,	worth $3.00, now $1.50
Men's Good Summer Shirts,	34c
Men's Percale Dress Shirts, with Collars and Cuffs,	45c
Men's Best of White Shirts, Fine Linen Bosom,	39c
Men's Good Sweaters,	24c
Men's Neck Ties,	9c each or 3 for 25c
Men's Wire Buckle Suspenders,	9c a pair or 3 for 25c
Men's Regular Made Black and Tan Socks,	10c a pair

Extraordinary value for the money.

Men's Fine Fur Fedora Hats, Black and Brown, actual value, $1.50, now 64c

Clothing for the Boys.

All Wool Suits, from 5 to 14 years,	worth $4.00 now $2.00
All Wool Suits,	worth $3.00 now $1.50
All Wool Suits,	worth $8.00 and $10.00 now $4.50 and $4.00

These are for boys 14 to 19 years of age.

Knee Pants,	23c
Umbrellas,	from 39c up.

THIS SALE IS TO LAST FOR ONLY A LIMITED TIME.

This is an opportunity to buy goods at remarkably low values. You cannot obtain such prices in the large cities.

LYON & CO.,

Bellefonte, - - - - Penna.

HUMPHREYS'

Dr. Humphreys' Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for years in private practice and for over thirty years by the people with entire success. Every single Specific a special cure for the disease named.

NO.	SPECIFIC FOR	PRICES.
1	Fevers, Congestions, Inflammations	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
3	Teething; Colic, Crying, Wakefulness	.25
4	Diarrhea, of Children or Adults	.25
7	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods	.25
12	Whites, Too Profuse Periods	.25
13	Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	.25
16	Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague	.25
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head	.25
20	Whooping Cough	.25
27	Kidney Diseases	.25
28	Nervous Debility	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness	.25
34	Sore Throat, Quinsy, Ulcerated Throat	.25

"77" DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC FOR GRIP, 25c.

Put up in small bottles of pleasant pellets, just fit your vest pocket.

Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. DR. HUMPHREYS' MANUAL (Enlarged & Revised,) MAILED FREE. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

SPECIFICS.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

AFTER ALL OTHERS FAIL

Consult the Old Reliable Specialist **DR. LOBB**

329 N. 15th St. Below Callowhill Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. Lobb guarantees a permanent cure in all cases of loss of vitality, errors of youth and diseases of the blood, nervous system, skin, bladder and kidney, general debility, loss of memory and sleeplessness, arising from excesses, abuse or imprudence. By "cure" Dr Lobb does not mean relief only, but a positive, radical cure, bringing back health and vigorous manhood. Consultations and examinations free and strictly confidential. Office hours, daily and Sundays, from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m., and 6 to 9 evenings. Read his book on errors of youth and obscure diseases of both sexes. Sent free.

Rochester Business University.

A *famous* school, a *beautiful* city, a *delightful* season. Special work for **school teachers.** Business or shorthand. The attention of *ambitious young people* respectfully solicited. New circulars ready. *Postal card suffices.* **Summer School.** **Rochester, N. Y.** (Mention this paper.)

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. D. Murray Druggist.

CAUTION.—MY WIFE, AMANDA ROYER, having left my bed and board without cause or provocation, all persons are hereby notified not to trust her to anything on my account as I will pay no debts contracted by her.

J. F. ROYER.
25jul3t Colyer, Pa

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.—THE FIRM OF Huyett, Rearick & Boozer, doing business as the Centre Hall Implement Works, was dissolved by mutual consent on July 23, 1895. The business of the firm in the way of manufacturing will be discontinued, and all stock on hand will be closed out entirely, forthwith. In order to have a speedy closing up of the affairs of the late firm, all persons having unsettled accounts will kindly call as early as convenient, for settlement. The books of the firm will remain in the hands of Huyett & Rearick, at the office of the late firm, where all interested will please call for settlement.

E. M. HUYETT,
W. O. REARICK,
25jul4t HENRY BOOZER,

UNSEATED LAND APPEALS.—

Notice is hereby given that an appeal for unseated lands will be held at the Commissioners' Office, in Bellefonte, for the several assessment districts, as follows:

For Rush, Spring, Potter, Harris, College, Benner, Ferguson, Patton, Halfmoon, and Worth townships, on Wednesday, September 4th, 1895.

For Snow Shoe, Taylor, Union, Huston, Boggs, Howard, Liberty, Marion and Walker townships, on Thursday, September 5th, 1895.

For Burnside, Curtin, Gregg, Penn, Haines and Miles townships, on Friday, September 6th, 1895.

G. L. GOODHART.
T. F. ADAMS.
J. B. STROHM.

Attest:—
R. F. HUNTER, Clerk.
Commissioners' Office,
Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 13, 1895.

FOR SALE.—WILL BE OFFERED AT PRIvate sale

o——o 143 ACRES o——o

of woodland, in Gregg township, well timbered with white-pine, yellow pine, rock-oak and chestnut, located one-fourth mile of Penn Cave. Also House and five acres of land, near Farmers Mills, good fruit and two wells on the premises; stable and all necessary outbuildings. All buildings in good condition. For further particulars call on J. C. ARMBRUSTER.
aug15 4t Tusseyville.

Salary and expenses paid weekly from start. Permanent position. Good chance for advancement. Exclusive territory. Largest growers of Nursery stock. Clean, hardy stock, true to name. Fair treatment guaranteed. No substitution in our orders. Liberal commission to local part-time agents. We can interest any one not earning $75 per month and expenses. Don't hesitate because of previous failures in this or other lines. Outfit free. Address, BROWN BROS. CO. Continental Nurseries, Rochester, N.Y. (This house is reliable. Name this paper.—Ed.)
CANVASSER

GRAIN MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY B. D. BRISBIN.

Wheat, new	60
Wheat	65
Rye	50
Corn	50
Oats	30
Barley	45
Buckwheat	

PRODUCE AT STORES.

Butter	14
Eggs	12
Lard	8
Shoulders	10
Ham	12
Tallow	4
Potatoes	60
Sides	8

PERSONAL MENTION.

Coming and Going.—Visitors in and out of Town.

——Henry Miller, of Millheim, was circulating among his friends in Centre Hall.

——Mrs. Dr. Funk and son, of Harrisburg, are the guests at the home of Wm. Wolf.

——Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Kreamer spent wednesday among friends at Rebersburg.

——Miss Alice Hazelet, of Williamsport, is the guest of her friend, Miss Grace Smith.

——Miss Roxanna Brisbin spent several days this week among friends at State College.

——R. A. Bumiller, of Millheim, and Charles Stover, of Aaronsburg, spent Sunday in Centre Hall.

——Col. James P. Coburn, the Aaronsburg Republican politician, was in Centre Hall Tuesday morning.

——Mrs. W. H. Hall and two sons, of Williamsport, visited at the home of Harry Dinges several days this week.

——Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Finkle, of Farmer's Mills, paid us an hour's visit yesterday; they are among the most esteemed people of that locality.

——James A. Fiedler, formerly editor of the Bellefonte *Gazette*, and family, of Williamsport, are visiting his father, Mr. H. R. Eiedler, at Madisonburg.

——Rev. George P. Sarvis, formerly filling the pulpits of the Penns Valley Methodist church, but now of Port Matilda, was in town a day or so last week.

——Mr. and Mrs. George E. Saltzgiver, of York, Pa., were the guests of Mr. Jas. A. Keller. Mrs. Saltzgiver is a sister of Mrs. Keller. They departed on Tuesday.

——Rev. William Wagner and wife, of Muncy, Pa., have been visiting in this vicinity the past week. The Rev. has been successful in his pastorate at Muncy, and is doing a good work.

——John Noll, of Bellefonte, who has the contract for erecting the masonry of the new Reformed church, was in town yesterday. He is a first-class mechanic and the congregation are assured of a good job.

——Al. P. Wieland, of Syracuse, N. Y. spent several days this week with his parents at Linden Hall. Al. is in charge of the branch office of the H. J. Heinz Co., picklers, at Syracuse, and was taking his first vacation.

——J. C. Armbruster, of Tusseyville, gave us a call. He has a very desirable property, including a tract of timberland, near Farmer's Mills, which he offers at private sale. See his advertisement in another colum.

——Mr. James Stewart left for Harrisburg on Monday morning, where he has received a position as foreman in the Harrisburg Foundry and Machine Co's works. For some time he was employed in the foundry here and made many friends in the town.

——Miss Sue Neff, daughter of the late Joseph Neff, of Centre Hill, sailed last week from New York for Europe. She has gone in company with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Neff, of Freeport, Ill. It is the present intention of the ladies to reside in Europe for several years.

——Mrs. William Harter, of Aaronsburg, visited her daughter, Mrs. Fred Kurtz, a few days this week. She took the train east Tuesday morning and had the pleasure of meeting three of her great-grand children, Anna Belle, Will Fred, and Jack, children of William L. Kurtz, of Lewisburg.

Superstitious Farmers.

Last Friday Dr. Budge, State Veterinarian, accompanied by Dr. H. G. Patterson, went to Birmingham, Huntingdon county, to examine cattle affected with Texas fever. An exchange says: Dr. Patterson came very near receiving rough treatment at the hands of some of his farmer friends when he told them there were no such diseases as "hollow horn" and "wolf in the tail." Some of them said that they had many a time cut out the "wolf" from the tails of their cows.

Lewistown Centennial.

Lewistown has decided to celebrate its 100th anniversary, and will do it in two days. September 5 and 6 are to be the days. Among the attractions will be two grand balloon ascensions with parachute descent.

Bully on Potatoes.

From a quarter of an acre of ground, landlord Musser, of Millheim, raised 78 bushels of potatoes, a few days ago. Even at 20 cents per bushel this is five times as profitable as wheat. Who can beat landlord Billy's score?

A New Kind.

A new style of postal money order is shortly to be issued. The new order will be smaller and more convenient than those now in use, but it will not be supplied to postoffices until the orders already printed are exhausted.

360 pair Men's All Wool Pants, wotth 3.00 and 4.00. Our price, 1.50. Lyon & Co.

COBURN.

Miss Cora Snavely Kills a Large Blacksnake While Out for Berries.

James E. Harter and wife were visiting friends near Fiedler on Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. J. F. Garthoff and Mrs. Frank Hackenberg were circulating among friends at Millmont and Hartleton over Sunday.

Andrew Harter, our obliging postmaster, had business at Fiedler on Tuesday.

One of the workmen engaged in hewing walnut logs had the misfortune to cut a deep gash in one of his feet on Tuesday.

John Gray, section foreman, made a business trip to Bellefonte on Tuesday.

F. P. Vonada, N. F. Braucht, A. B. Meyer, William Brandt, and J. F. Garthoff, of this place, and L. L. Weaver, F. H. Stover, and W. D. Smith, of Fiedler, composed a party of cyclers who attended campmeeting near Middleburg on Sunday. They report having had a splendid trip.

Mr. Henry Haught expects to go to West Virginia in the near future and may locate there permanently.

H. L. Styers has gone to Ohio where he will remain for an indefinite time.

The picnic at Centre Hall on last Saturday was not very largely attended by the "boys" from this place. Those who were there do not give a very glowing account of the affair.

Farmers are busily engaged in harvesting their crop of oats which is above the average yield this year throughout this section.

Miss Cora Snavely is the heroine of the day in this section. While returning home alone from picking huckleberries one day last week, she encountered a large blacksnake lying in her path. She did not try to climb a tree, or jump upon a stump and scream, as most women would have done, but she seized a club and dispatched his snakeship in short order. Achilles like, she tied the dead reptile to her apron strings and thus carried it along home. It was five feet and six inches in length.

AARONSBURG.

James Ettinger Kicked by a Horse While Leading it to Water.

Rev. Bright and son have gone to Pine campmeeting.

Dr. Holloway and wife, of Lock Haven, visited relatives in town last week.

Elmer Weaver, who is clerking in a store in Akron, Ohio, is home on a visit, and may remain and go into business in this place.

The Wance boy was not lost on Nittany mountain, but on the mountain between Brush valley and Penns valley.

Rev. Wolf and wife have returned from their visit and brought with them a cousin who expects to remain and visit them for a time.

Ira Gramley has quit butchering for Brumgard at Millheim and is traveling with Gramley's steam thresher in Brush valley.

Charley Hosterman had Robert Boop make him a new mail coach; it's a one horse "buss" and a "dandy."

James Ettinger was kicked on the leg by his horse while leading ihe animal to water. He is quite lame, and says it is very painful.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

Whereas, It has been the will of God in his wisdom to remove from our midst our esteemed sister, Miss Mollie Rearick, we, in behalf of the Foreign Missionary Society of the Sinking Creek Presbyterian church, who have profited by her example, are desirous of testifying our respect to her memory and expressing our earnest and affectionate sympathy with those who have been deprived of one who was near and dear to them. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we tenderly condole with the bereaved family in this their hour of trial and affliction, and devoutly commend them to Him, who looks with a pitying eye on his sorrowing children.

Resolved, That while we deeply feel our loss, and fully sympathize with those who were bound to her by dearer and stronger ties than ours, we share with them the hope of a reunion in that better world where there are no partings and ineffable bliss forbids all tears.

Resolved, That though we sorrow at the loss of such a faithful member, we find consolation in the thought that all is well with her.

Resolved, That these resolutions be recorded, a copy be sent to the bereaved family, and that they be published in the local papers.

MRS. WM. GOODHART.
MRS. W. M. ALLISON.
MISS EMMA MCCOY.

—Clearance Sale.
One Price.
Cash.
MONTGOMERY & CO.,
Merchant Tailors, Bellefonte.

—A tremendous drive in all lines of gent's furnishing goods and clothing is being made at Lewin's, Bellefonte. Their reputation is long established and the prices way below the lowest.
—Summer clothing marked down at Lewins, Bellefonte. This means cost.

Getting in Their Work.

A gang of piano swindlers who were driven out of Ohio are now working in Pennsylvania. They ask permission to leave a piano at a farmer's house, he receipts for it and the receipt turns up as a $500 note.

PROF. Swithin C. Shortlidge has become a European correspondent.

—Clearance Sale.
One Price.
Cash.
MONTGOMERY & CO.,
Clothiers, Bellefonte.

Wanted, at Lyon & Co's store, Bellefonte, 50,000 lbs. of Wool.

Figured China Silks, 20c a yard. Striped Wash Silk, 30c. a yard. Lyon & Co.

360 pair Men's All Wool Pants, worth 3.00 and 4.00. Our price, 1.50. Lyon & Co.

Full oft with starch and gloss serene,
The linen collar starts the morn;
Full oft at noontime it is seen
All wilted, wrinkled and forlorn.

That's what you must expect of such a collar; it's the *linen* of it. The stand-up collars won't stand up, and the turn-down collars will wilt down. The easy, cheap, and pleasant way out of this is to wear "CELLULOID" COLLARS AND CUFFS. These goods are made by covering linen collars or cuffs on both sides with "CELLULOID," thus making them strong and durable, and *waterproof*, not affected by heat or moisture. There are no other waterproof goods made this way, consequently none that can wear so well. When soiled simply wipe them off with a wet cloth. Every piece of the genuine is stamped like this:

TRADE CELLULOID MARK.

Insist upon goods so marked if you expect full satisfaction, and if your dealer does not keep them, send direct to us enclosing amount and we will mail sample. State size, and whether a stand-up or turned-down collar is wanted. Collars 25c. each. Cuffs 50c. pair.

The CELLULOID COMPANY
427-29 Broadway, NewYork.

LEGAL NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that the following inventories of goods and chattels set apart to widows under the provisions of the act of 14th of April 1851, have been confirmed *ni si* by the court and filed in the office of the clerk of the Orphan's Court of Centre County, and if no exceptions be filed on or before the first day of the next term the same will be confirmed absolutely.

1. The inventory and appraisement of the personal property of James C. Boal, late of Centre Hall Borough, deceased, as set apart to his widow, Tamar Boal.

2. The inventory and appraisement of the personal property of F. P Vonada, late of Miles township, deceased, as set apart to his widow, Fietta Vonada.

3. The valuation and appraisement of the real estate of Abram Burns, late of Taylor township, deceased, elected to be retained and set apart to his widow, Lucy Burns.

4. The inventory and appraisement of the personal property of John C. Gates, late of Ferguson township, as set apart to his widow, Maggie B. Gates.

5. The inventory and appraisement of the personal property of Aaron Williams, late of Bellefonte borough, deceased, as set apart to his widow, Jennie B. Williams.

6. The inventory and appraisement of the personal property of John Powers, late of Bellefonte borough, deceased, as set apart to his widow Mary Powers.

7. The inventory and appraisement of the personal estate of William Wise, late of Haines township, deceased, as set apart to his widow, Phoebe J. Wise.

8. The inventory and appraisement of the personal property of David Dunkle, late of Walker township, deceased, as set apart to his widow, Harriet Dunkle.

9. The inventory and appraisement of the personal estate of Benjamin Orndorf, late of Haines township, deceased, as set apart to his widow, Sarah Orndorf.

10. The valuation and appraisement of the real estate of Henry Butler, late of Boggs township, deceased, as set apart and elected to be retained by his widow, Mary Butler

11. The valuation and appraisement of the personal property of Jacob M. Fishburn, late of College township, deceased, as set apart to his widow, Mary E. Fishburn.

G. W. RUMBERGER,
C. O. C.

COURT PROCLAMATION.—Whereas the Hon. John G. Love, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial district, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon C. A. Faulkner, and the Hon. Benjamin Rich, Associate Judges in Centre, having issued their precept bearing date the 25th day of July, 1895, to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and commence on the 4th Monday of August, the 26th day of Aug., 1895, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Alderman and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in the proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 25th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1895, and the one hundredth and eighteenth year of the Independence of the United States.

JOHN P. CONDO,
Sheriff.

B. C. ACHENBACH,
BELLEFONTE.
Baker, - Confectioner, Caterer.

Wholesaleing Ice - - - - -
- - - - Cream a Specialty.

Ice Cream put up in any form, Molds, Bricks, and all latest designs, Easter Rabbits, etc.
Fine Display of Easter Goods.
Come and See.

YES, IT IS HOT

Too hot you think to talk of Fall clothing! Well, perhaps it is. But then it is too late to talk summer stuff, and we must talk.

We just arrived home after a two weeks stay in the eastern markets, having purchased what promises to be the largest and nicest stock of ready to wear clothing ever shown in this county.

We have secured the agency for the four greatest clothing novelties in the market this fall. You will hear much about these special good things later.

Keep an eye on us—you will be the winner if you do. By the latter part of this week a large part of our new goods will be on our tables for your inspection. We know we are fully a month in advance of the season, but that need make no difference to you. You must not buy—just come and look. Post yourself for future reference. See what we have and the way we sell it. You can't lose—you are sure to profit by a visit.

Watch us—we are strictly in it this Fall.

FAUBLES.
Men's Outfitters. Bellefonte.

BEAUTIFUL AS A BUTTERFLY

And lovlier than a June morning is the

NEW STOCK OF DRESS GOODS

At Harper & Kreamer's. The stock is complete in in everything latest and stylish for Summer wear, that the markets afford. A new dress or waist may be needed, and we can easily give you the goods you will want. The prices will startle you. We never handled a cheaper and better line. See them.

HARPER & KREAMER.

ATTORNEYS.

IRA C. MITCHELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Office, Room No. 10, Crider's Exchange. oct194

JOHN KLINE,
Attorney at Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office on second floor of Furst's building, north of Court House. Can be consulted in German and English. jan87

J. H. ORVIS, C. M. BOWER, E. L. ORVIS
ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS,
Attorneys at Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Crider's Exchange building on second floor. jan85

D. F. FORTNEY,
Attorney at Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Conrad Building. jan92

CLEMANT DALE,
Attorney at Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office N. W. corner Diamond, two doors from First National Bank. jan87

W. G. RUNKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
All kinds of legal business attended to promptly Special attention given to collections. Office, 2d floor Crider Excha ge.

J. L. SPANGLER, C. P. HEWES.
SPANGLER & HEWES,
Attorneys at Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Special attention to collections. Practice in all the courts. Consultation in German and English. jan92

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PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division and Northern Central Railway.

Time Table, in effect May 19, 1895.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD.

9.18 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday For Sunbury, Willkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 3.00 p. m., New York, 5.53 p m., Baltimore, 3.10 p. m., Washington, 4.30 p. m. connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore. Parlor cars to Philadelphia.

1.30 p. m.—Train 8. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.23 p. m., New York, 9.23 p. m., Baltimore, 6.15 p. m., Washington at 7.30 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5.04 p. m.—Train 12. [Daily except Sunday.] For Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 11.15 p m., New York 3.55 a. m., Baltimore 10.40 p. m. Passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre and Philadelphia.

7.58 p. m.—Train 6. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.30 a. m., New York at 7.33 a m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1.29 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving a Philadelphia at 6.52 a. m., New York, 9.33 a. m. week days, 10.35 a. m. Sunday, Baltimore, 6.20 a. m., Washington, 7.40, a m. Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.37 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester Buffalo, Erie, Elmira and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars to Erie and Elmira, and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.17 a. m.—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

1.56 p. m.—Train 11. (Daily except Sunday. For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

5.59 p. m.—Train 1: (Daily except Sunday.) For Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9.45 p. m.—Train 13. (Daily except Sunday) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.45 a m, Harrisburg 8.15 a m, daily, Wilkesbarre, 7.25 a. m. Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 10.17 a m

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a m, Washington 7.50 a m, Baltimore, 8.58 a m, Willkesbarre 10.15 a m, (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 1.56 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 1 leaves New York 9.30 a m, Phila., 12.25 p m; Washington at 10.30 a m, Baltimore at 11.40 a m, Wilkesbarre 3.17 p m, arriving at Montandon at 5.59 p m, week days, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 13 leaves New York 2.10 p m, week days, 2.00 p. m. Sunday, Philadelphia 4.40 p m, week days, 4.30 p. m., Sundays, Washington 3.15 p m, Baltimore 4.45, p m, arriving at Montandon 9.45 p m. Through Parlor Car and passenger coach from Philadelphia,

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p m, Philad 11.20 p m, Washington 10.40 p m, Baltimore, 11.50 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5.37 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila., Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.

Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	P.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P.M.	P M
1 58		5 40	Montandon	9 10		4 55
2 08		6 15	Lewisburg	9 00		4 47
2 17		6 23	Biehl	8 52		4 39
2 22		6 28	Vicksburg	8 47		4 35
2 31		6 37	Mifflinburg	8 38		4 27
2 43		6 50	Millmont	8 25		4 15
2 51		6 58	Glen Iron	8 17		4 07
3 20		7 27	Paddy Mountain	7 48		3 40
3 30		7 38	Coburn	7 38		3 30
3 37		7 45	Zerby	7 30		3 23
3 47		7 55	Rising Spring	7 21		3 14
3 53		8 02	Penn Cave	7 14		3 07
4 01		8 09	Centre Hall	7 06		3 01
4 07		8 16	Gregg	7 00		2 54
4 13		8 23	Linden Hall	6 52		2 47
4 18		8 28	Oak Hall	6 47		2 42
4 22		8 32	Lemont	6 43		2 37
4 27		8 37	Dale Summit	6 38		2 33
4 37		8 47	Pleasant Gap	6 28		2 23
4 40		8 50	Axemann	6 25		2 20
4 45		8 55	Bellefonte	6 20		2 15

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.00 a m, 1.15, 5.45 and 7.40 p m. returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a. m, 10.19 a m. 5.07 p m, 6.00 p m, and 8 00 p m

On Sundays trains leave Montandon 10.18 a. m. and 8.00 p. m., returning leave Lewisburg 10.23 a. m. and 8.05 p. m,

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THE NEWS.

Mrs. Annie M. Gardner, of Arcadia, Neb., who disappeared at the time of the Christian Endeavor Convention, in Boston, met her husband in Chicago.——The women of Lexington, Ky., held a convention and nominated candidates for the Board of Education.——The convention of the Knights of Labor garment workers, held in Chicago, ended in a free fight, the Federation members breaking up the meeting.——Miss Annie Davis, a missionary in Japan, writes that cholera is raging in that country.——Three persons were killed and two seriously injured by railroad trains in Philadelphia.——T. Dabney Marshall, a Mississippi lawyer and state legislator, shot down and killed R. T. Dinkins, at Brandu, Miss.——Fremont Smith was hanged at San Quentin prison, California, for the murder of two fishing companions.——Thos. Hartley, aged thirty-two years, died at Reading, Pa. He was crushed under an embankment of earth at the Reading Iron Work.——Benjamin Wagner and Frank Chambedi were drowned in the Delaware.

Vice President Stevenson, his wife, daughter and two brothers, passed through Winnipeg, Man., en route to Alaska.——There are one hundred and fifteen cases of smallpox at Quarantine, Eagle Pass, Texas.——Rev. George Wheeler was killed, and three or four others injured in a wreck on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad near Albuquerque, N. M.——The Ohio board of public works is entertaining a proposition from the Winifred Coal and Company, of Philadelphia, for the purchase of the Ohio Canal.——Four men have been lodged in jail in Kansas City charged with robbing the postoffice in Brookfield, Mo., in February, 1894, of $1,000.——Dr. May and a mining expert named Dun have been arrested at Scottsboro, Ala., on the charge of salting gold mines on Santa Creek, Marshall county, by which a number of citizens were induced to invest large sums of money.——Isabel Garrison, of the Chicago Tribune, is in Quebec to select a site on behalf of the Sons of the revolution for a statue to General Montgomery.

At a stockholders' meeting of the Augusta and Savannah Railroad at Savannah, Ga., it was unanimously agreed to accept the offer made by the Central Railroad reorganization committee to release that road at five per cent. annual dividends.——The Rocky Mountain Savings Bank made an assignment at Denver.——A number of persons at Park Ridge, N. J., were made sick by eating ice-cream.——Henry Waterman, a bicyclist, collided with a wagon in Atlantic Highlands, N. J., and was killed.——Further examination of the room occupied by Mrs. Connors at Holmes' Castle, in Chicago, resulted in the finding of additional blood stains upon the floor. A strong microscope was used upon the stains by an expert, who said they were undoubtedly human blood.——The receivers for the Order of Provident Shield in Philadelphia announced a dividend of sixty-five per cent.——Texas fever has appeared among the cattle about Birmington, Pa.——Deputy Sheriff Alfred Werner, of Crittenden county, Ark., was killed by a colored man he wanted to arrest.

Samuel L. Gracey, of Buffalo, late United States consul at Foo Chow, explained the condition of things at Ku Cheng.——The Lehigh Valley Coal Company has filed a claim in Shamokin, Pa., for $50,000 royalties against the Morris Ridge Colliery, which has been seized by the sheriff in satisfaction.——The search for human bones in the basement of H. H. Holmes' Castle was abandoned. A small force of men was put to work smoothing up the basement floor, filling up the holes and repairing the breaks in the masonry made by the detectives in their search for clues.——Argument was heard before United States Circuit Judge Goff in Richmond upon the petition to test the constitutionality of the South Carolina Registration law.——Joseph Winger, who represented himself to be the Catholic bishop of Honolulu, was arrested in San Francisco on the charge of swindling.——Wilson F. Krum, a drover and hotel-keeper in South Allentown, failed on two executions for $6,000 and $4,000, respectively, brought by Jeremiah Roth and Martin Kemmerer.——Simon Sziorpiet, a section foreman on the drainage canal in Lamont, Ill., was murdered by an unknown man in a saloon row, the murder escaping. Sziorpiet's father met a similar fate in the same town several years ago.

WORK AND WORKERS.

The Reading (Pa.) Iron Company's sheet mill employes, 350 in number, received a 10 per cent increase in wages.

Senator H. D. Heller, who operates the Hellertown blast furnace and stone quarries at Bethlehem, Pa., has advanced the wages of his employes 10 per cent.

Secretary Carlisle increased the salaries of the pressmen of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing from $3.20 to $4 per day, the salaries of about 10 men will be affected by the order.

Throughout the Sixth district of the Amalgamated Association, extending from Pittsburg to Cleveland, puddlers' lodges held meetings and decided to secede from the parent organization.

The Santa Fe Railroad has put its entire force of 1,300 men in their Topeka, Kan., shops on full time of 10 hours a day. Up to the present only about 800 men were working full time.

Lynn (Mass.) labor leaders are somewhat puzzled over the recent influx of shoecutters in that city from other shoe centres. The strangers claim they were told that cutters were in big demand, while the reverse, is the case, as business is quiet.

The puddlers of the Oliver Iron and Steel Company, Pittsburg, struck because the firm refused to sign the scale. As a result 20 furnaces are idle. This company has been paying $4.25 for puddling, which is 25 cents above the union rate.

The puddlers in the York Rolling Mill were notified that on and after August 12 the rate for puddling would be increased from $2.75 to $3.00 per ton. The rate was recently increased from $2.50 to $2.75. It is said that proportionate increases will be made in the other departments.

Non-union men are being forced to leave the Bluefields (W. Va.) coal fields by the strikers, who threaten personal violence to those who refuse to quit work. Governor MacCorkle has reached there, and his hasty return is attributed to the threats. Serious trouble is expected within the next few days.

BURNED MISSIONS.

Ten British Subjects Killed by Chinese Fanatics.

AMERICANS ALL RESCUED.

Bloody Outbreak of the anti-Foreign Fanatics, Urged on by Prominent Officials—The Mission and Sanitarium Attacked.

A Shanghai dispatch to the London Times says that the mission and sanatorium at Wha Sang, near Ku-Cheng, Province of Fokein, has been attacked and ten British subjects killed.

The Rev. Mr. Stewart, wife and child were burned in their house. The Misses Yellow and Marshall, two sisters named Saunders, two sisters named Gordon and Stettie Newcombe were murdered with spears and swords. Miss Codrington was seriously wounded about the head and the Stewarts' eldest child had a knee-cap badly injured, while the youngest had an eye gouged out. The Rev. Mr. Phillips, with two Americans, Dr. Gregory and Miss Hartford, were both wounded, but arrived safely at Fu-Chau-Fu. The prefect of Chengtu, who was on the commission which inquired into the outrage on missionaries at that place, is seriously implicated.

The Times says of the above: "The Rev. Mr. Stewart resides at Ku-Cheng and superintends the work of the prefectures of Ku-Cheng and Ping-Nang. Rev. Mr. Stewart, writing under date of February, 1895, described how a sect known as Vegetarians, taking advantage of the war, sprang into vigorous life and committed numerous outrages and became so formidable that the converts wanted him to organize and arm. He concludes his letter as follows:

"I have just learned that 3,000 of these have enlisted in the last six months. They are mostly of the lowest order, and at the present time the reins of government are practically in their hands."

The Times comments editorially on the massacre as follows:

"The Ku-Cheng outrages will justly form the subject of strong representations to China by England, and probably by America also. It is quite possible that the outrages are due to the embittered feeling against foreigners engendered by the calamities of the war and that the mandarins believe that a blow must be struck now or never to frighten foreigners against availing themselves of concessions granted under the recent China-Japanese treaty.

The Standard's special from Shanghai says that the news of the massacre was suppressed for three days by the Chinese officials. J. Courtney Hixon, the American consul at Fu Chau, with several volunteers, went the scene in a steam launch and brought back the wounded Americans.

"Their experiences," the dispatch continues, "were terrible, and death was the least part of the sufferings of the butchered women. The indignation here is intense. A mass-meeting will be convened tomorrow. The mandarins will endeavor to throw all the blame upon the secret societies, but it is known that they were encouraged by responsible officials. The Chinese are repeating their old tactics of cutting telegraph communication."

Another Fu Chau telegram received here says that all the murdered ladies belonged to the Church of England, Zenana Mission. Miss Hartwell, (Hartford) was fearfully injured and bears evidence of the fearful treatment and cruelty she received at the hands of the mob. Several English and American children have been killed.

VICTIMS OF A RATTLER.

Two Men Bitten by a Big Fellow and One Dies Some Hours After.

William Morehead and Thomas Broomfield, farmers on Buffalo Creek, Nicholas County, W. Va., were working in an old brush-grown field when both were bitten by a tremendous rattlesnake. Morehead was struck on the leg and Broomfield on one of his toes. Morehead's leg swelled in a few minutes to almost the size of his body. He lived in fearful agony several hours, dying from the effects of the bite on Saturday morning.

Broomfield, who was a man of intelligence and quick of action, as soon as he was bitten took out his knife and deliberately severed the injured toe. His action was so quick that the poison, rapidly as it infuses itself into the blood, did not have time to penetrate to any great depth and he felt no ill effects from its action.

In the same neighborhood only a few days before, two boys, about 15 or 16 years old, were passing through an old field near Broomfield's house when one of the boys was struck in the calf of the leg by a rattlesnake. They quickly killed the reptile and then the boy who had escaped its fangs scarified his friend's wound with his knife and deliberately put his lips to the wound and sucked out the poison with the blood. The injured boy's leg pained him for several hours, but the poison had been entirely withdrawn and he is now as sound as ever.

MURDER, THEN MARRIAGE.

The Bridegroom Killed the Bride's Father When He Pursued Him.

A despatch from Rutledge, Ga., says:—"In just fifteen minutes after I shot the old man Cora and I were married."

The speaker was young Will Green, who shot and instantly killed Major J. T. Estes on May 12 and was caught at Macon. Cora was Estes' pretty daughter and Green was eloping with her. The father overtook them at Newborn, and as he reached in the buggy after his daughter Green shot him dead.

As the boy says, they drove at once to the next Justice and were married. For a week or ten days the young bride and groom had a lively chase with the officials and posses organized to capture Green, but they finally got away to the home of an uncle near Milledgeville, and there they have been since. Saturday Green and his father started for home. A Madison officer happened on them in Macon and made the arrest.

CABLE SPARKS.

The strike at Panama is ended and the strikers are receiving their usual wages.

Prof. Heinrich Von Sybel, the German historian, is dead, aged seventy-eight years.

The Queen of Corea has united all the anti-Japanese political forces and placed herself at their head.

The International Geographical Congress will hold its next session in Berlin. It strongly advocates exploration in the antartic regions.

A state of unrest still continues in Apia, Samoa, with the rebel party gaining strength. Land litigation occupies daily the attention of the chief justice.

Returns of the British parliamentary election are now complete except for the Orkney Islands. The government majority will be 152 and the conservative majority over all 12.

Pressure is being exerted by the Hawaiian annexationists to induce the Legislature now in session to authorize President Dole to reopen annexation negotiations with the United States.

The Spanish cabinet council has advised the arming of the troops in Cuba with Mauser rifles. The council has also accepted the amount which America demands as payment for the Mora indemnity.

Serious street disturbances have occurred in Lisbon in consequence of rumors that priests have been guilty of child-stealing. In a number of instances priests have been attacked by mobs, and several of them have been injured.

The Cuban insurgent chief Rodriguez, who was formerly associated with Carlos Castillo has been killed in an engagement with a detachment of the civil guards at the Venidia plantation, near Guanatanamo. Identification of the slain leader is complete.

The Japanese government continues severe measures toward political opponents, and it is thought it may be necessary to convene the Diet. The government is badly in need of parliamentary support, particularly to carry throug important financial measures growing out of the war.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

Advices from Socorro, New Mexico, show that at least 16 persons lost their lives in the flood on Wednesday.

Twenty-one cases of small-pox and eight deaths are reported in Patrick county, Virginia, near the North Carolina line.

Harvey City, a town of about 600 inhabitants, in Oregon, was almost totally destroyed by fire. Incendiarism is alleged.

Bridget Gregg, aged 24 years, was accidentally shot and killed at her home in New York city, by Martha Riley, who was playing with a pistol.

Four blacksmiths were injured, one fatally, by the explosion of a tube filled with water, which was being heated in the Johnson steel plant, at Lorraine, Ohio.

Bjorne Edwards, publisher of the American Contractor, was fatally injured in Chicago by falling eight stories from a building which he owned and which was being erected.

Another terrible rain storm swept the region of Denver, Colorado. Railroad bridges were swept away, traffic delayed, wires carried away, and much damage was done to property.

Mrs. William Pierce and her son, Franklin, of Middleport, New York, were drowned at Coredo, West Virginia. The woman fell into the water and the son lost his life in trying to save her.

The 5-year-old child of Mrs. Mary Rinaldi fell from a third-story window of a tenement in New York city and was killed. The mother cut her throat when she discovered that the child was dead.

J. Waters Brandon, aged 13; J. Gay Brown, 15, and Charles E. Lynch, 13 years old, were killed near Riverdale Park Station, seven miles from Washington, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, by being struck by an express train.

A despatch from Shreveport, Louisiana, says that a cut has been made in the Cam. pobello Bend, about sixty miles by river below that point. The river above the cut-off declined two feet, and the water is rushing through like a torrent, threatening all low places below. At Shreveport the rivers is rising steady, and will go to 31 feet guage. All places below, unprotected by levees, are flooded.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

George T. Angell, the devoted friend of what is called the brute creation, has just celebrated his 75th birthday.

Dennis Reardon, one of Boston's noted architects, has been blind from his 9th year. He designed the Boston Library and the Natural History Building.

A friend of Rudyard Kipling says that during the three weeks which preceded his departure for Europe the novelist lived in a New York boarding house under an assumed named.

Oscar of Sweden is said to be the only European monarch who possesses ideal kingly dignity. He is tall, handsome, has a graceful carriage, a striking courtliness of manner and is very dignified.

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, the well-known author, poet and lecturer, who has occupied the chair of English literature at Notre Dame, has accepted a like position with the Catholic University at Washington, D. C.

Mr. Gladstone since his return to London has been very busy. He has been working at the British Museum in connection with his "Life of Bishop Butler," into the preparation of which he has thrown much enthusiasm.

Prince Khilkoff, Russian Minister of Ways and Communications, is a practical engineer of skill and experience. He worked as an ordinary mechanic and as a locomotive engineer in Canada and the United States, and subsequently spent several years with an engineering firm in Liverpool.

Count Tolstoi, the famous writer, is said to be riding a wheel. A correspondent says: "Count Tolstoi on a bicycle! Isn't that a sight for gods and men? Metaphorically speaking, I can conceive of Tolstoi wheeling up one side of a rainbow and coasting down the other, but pedaling on the rough Russian roads, mopping his brow and using polysyllables when he gets to heaven—that is a different matter."

In the reorganization of the Grand Trunk Railway, soon to take place in Canada, it is expected that both wages and number of employes will be cut down considerably.

BOTH GO DOWN.

Prince Oscar Collided With a Strange Craft in Mid-Ocean.

ALL LOST ON THE UNKNOWN

Sixty Lost on the Catterthun—British Steamer from Hongkong for Australia.

The British steamship Capac, Capt. Lorcale, which arrived in Philadelphia from Pisaqua, had on board seventeen of the crew of the British steamship Prince Oscar, bound from Shields, England, to Iquiqui, Chili, which foundered after colliding with a big unknown four-masted steel sailing vessel in mid-ocean. The survivors of the disaster tell a harrowing story of the loss of the sailing vessel with all hands after the collision and the sinking of their own boat seven minutes after the ships crashed together. Of the crew of twenty-three souls six were lost and the remaining seventeen were brought safely into port.

The disaster occurred shortly after midnight in latitude 9 30 south, longitude 28.20 west. The Prince Oscar, which was bound from Shields, which port she left May 27 for Iquiqui, laden with coal, was going at a clipping gait on the port tack before a brisk wind and with all canvas set. She was making about 6½ knots an hour, when suddenly there loomed up directly under her bows a four-master vessel. The mate asserts that the stranger had no lights burning, and after she was sighted it was impossible to alter the course of the Prince Oscar. The iron hull of the latter struck the unknown full amidships, knocking her almost on her beam ends and crashing through the woodwork until her prow was more than half buried. The stranger went over almost on her beam ends as the Prince Oscar backed away from the rebound.

As the crew of the Prince Oscar stood peering through the darkness they saw the stranger partially right herself and then she rapidly began to sink. They listened in vain for some signs of life, but not a cry for help nor a word of command came from the stricken vessel. In less than four minutes from the time she was struck the stranger heeled over and plunged stern first into the depths below.

Capt. Henderson of the Prince Oscar, who was below in his berth, rushed on deck just in time to discover that his ship also was sinking. The pumps were manned, but it was soon discovered that there was no hope from that source. Lifeboats were ordered cut adrift, and the men were told to jump and swim for their lives. They climbed overboard and, with the exception of two unfortunates, reached the small boats.

Capt. Henderson, who was the last man to leave the ship, went over in his night garments and swam fully two miles before he was picked up. Both boats hovered about the scene of the wreck until daylight in an effort to rescue the two missing members of the Prince Oscar's crew and any member of the crew of the stranger who might have been fortunate enough to have kept afloat. They found no one, however, and nothing to indicate the name, home or destination of their companions in misfortune.

SIXTY LOST AT SEA.

The British steamship Catterthun, 1,406 tons, which sailed from Hong Kong May 27 for Australian ports, was wrecked. So far as can be learned sixty persons were drowned of whom forty-six were Chinese.

Second Officer Langfar, who had the watch on deck at the time of the disaster, states that the night was very dark. Suddenly the steamer experienced a terrific shock, and foundered a few minutes afterwards. The Chinese in the steerage made a rush for the boats, but only one boatload reached the shore.

A tug was sent out, but no trace could be found of the missing cabin passengers. Three ladies are said to be among them. A boat's crew of Chinese landed at Forster, about one hundred miles north of this port.

It appears that the Catterthun was wrecked on the Seal Rocks, off Cape Hawk, during a gale. The passengers, of who fifty-five were Chinese, were asleep below when the steamer grounded. Only three of the European passengers and the second mate of the steamer were saved. The others are missing, but it is believed that they succeeded in taking to the boats, and may be heard from later on. However, the tug sent out failed to find any trace of them.

UNHAPPY ARMENIA.

Turkey's Fiendish Outrages Continues Worse than Ever.

The London *Daily News* has advices dated Armenia, July 29, which say:

"The conditions of the Armenians is worse than ever. They regard Shakir Pasha as their worst enemy, and his appointment as a contemptuous defiance of Europe's demand. Deliberate persecution, slaughter and pillage of the Armenians are pursued with the same ruthless vigor and fiendish ingenuity as in former years.

"Arms are distributed among the Moslems in the frontier districts, and every day news arrives of fresh murders, wholesale imprisonments and pillages. The authorities in the great towns, from time to time, march heavily-manacled gangs of limping and wounded Armenian prisoners through the streets.

"If the Sultan is courting revolution he will surely have his way. Unless the persecution is stopped the country will soon be in such a blaze that nothing short of Russia occupation will extinguish it."

Dwelling as they do in miserable poverty with the Armenians, the correspondent extols the devotion of the American missionaries Reynolds and Cole.

The story of the landing of a filibuster expedition in Cuba is not believed in Washington, where it is thought that the efficient patrol of the southern coast will prevent such expeditions leaving this country.

PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.

Epitome of News Gleaned From Various Parts of the State.

Suits for damages aggregating $55,000 have been entered at Scranton against the Traction and Rapid Transit Companies.

Policeman Patrick F. Doyle died in Pittsburg, while trying to make an arrest.

Prohibitionists of Delaware County held a big rally at Media.

The State convention of the Sons of St. George adjourned at Wilkes-Barre, after naming officers to be voted for in May.

Frederick Kerns, a medical student, was nearly crushed to death by a big snake near Greensburg.

Robert Ryder, a lad was pierced by a descending drill in Avaca Colliery and instantly killed.

David Murphy, Jr., of Trainer, was attacked and badly beaten by a gang of young toughs from South Chester, whom he attempted to drive away from his apple trees. Not long ago Mr. Murphy was kicked in the face by his horse and sustained terrible injuries, his brains being exposed by the fracture. During his encounter with the men the wounds in his face made by this accident were broken afresh and he will be laid up for several days. About two years ago Mr. Murphy was injured by being crushed under a falling building in the Eighth Ward, and after a long confinement as a result of this accident he was run over by a wagon loaded with barrels of oil and was laid up for some time again.

Mrs. William Smith was killed by a train at Tarentum while on her way to see her husband at the Natronio Chemical Works, where he is employed. Instead of receiving a call from his wife as he expected Smith was horrified with her mangled body, which was brought to the works.

Three young men were placed in Doylestown jail, charged with wrecking cars at Menlo Park.

A young woman was seriously hurt in a runaway near Greensburg.

Paul Kane, aged 5 years, was badly injured in the eyes by an explosion of a dynamite cartridge.

As a result of a family quarrel, John Hammel was arrested at Shamokin, charged with shooting George Schall, his brother-in-law.

The Second Brigade was reviewed by Governor Hastings and General Snowden at Glencairn.

Thomas Potsdamer, aged 82 years, was drowned in the Tumbling Run Reservoir at Pottsville. It is believed to be a case of suicide. John Miller was killed and his sister Jean, and a Mrs. John Fay were seriously injured by lightning near Williamsport.

Lightning struck the Methodist Church at Quakertown and twenty persons were hurt, some, it is feared, fatally.

Samuel J. Etter, a tobacco packer, 53 years old, of Lancaster, was getting from a moving trolley car and fell under the wheels. One of his legs was so badly mangled as to render amputation necessary. A boy was so shocked by the spectacle that he dropped unconscious, his face being severely injured by the fall. A city ordinance requires fenders to be placed on trolley cars, but no one is so protected.

Two boys crossing a field at Reel's Lane near the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks, a mile West of Harrisburg, found the dead body of a man who had evidently committed suicide.

His throat was cut and there were gashes in his wrists showing that he had bled to death. A razor was lying on the ground near him. There was nothing in the man's clothes to identify him. The remains were removed to the Pennsylvania Railroad dead house.

The H. C. Frick Coke Company is building a big car shop at Scottdale, and will hereafter construct all of its own cars for the shipment of coke. The frames for three large shops are up on the flats between the Pennsylvania and Baltimore and Ohio Railroad tracks. They are to be completed and in operation by Fall, and will employ over 100 men.

The miners and operators reached a compromise agreement at Pittsburg and there will be no strike.

Trustees of the State Hospital for the Insane at a meeting in Norristown further considered escapes from that institution.

Chauncey F. Black, in a speech at Pittsburg before the Executive Committee of the Democratic Society of Pennsylvania, attacked the State Administration.

The burial of the body of a suicide in a cemetery without permission has caused a commotion in Chester county.

An unknown employee of a Philadelphia trolley company, assaulted Superintendent Alexander, of the Media Electric Light Works.

Small boys found at the upper end of Pottsville a tin box containing $140 in $20 gold pieces.

Mrs. Mary Guzer, of West Shamokin, narrowly escaped being strangled to death by her husband and father-in-law.

Governor Hastings announced the appointment of thirteen members of the Women's Auxiliary Committee to the Pennsylvania Commission to the Cotton States Exposition.

An opinion favorable to the defendants was filed at Pittsburg in the famous case of Samuel Barber, et al., heirs of John Barber, against the Pennsylvania Company.

LIGHTNING PHOTOGRAPHS.

Two Boys Have a Picture of a Tree Printed on Their Bodies.

Lightning played a curious prank at Glen Cove, L. I. After ripping off the windows and cupboards from a newly erected house it made a good photograph of a big tree upon little Thomas Foley's back and Charles Miller's leg.

A severe storm passed over the place shortly before noon. The Foley and Miller boys were playing about the house at the time and ran to the stoop for shelter. Suddenly there was a terrific clap of thunder and the lightning struck the house. It then made a sudden bolt toward the boys. The flying electricity played about the boys in a blue flame. It leaped over them and bristled their hair. Finally it went off on to the ground and entered the earth.

The boys were left stunned upon the verandah of the building. On being undressed, the photograph of the tree was seen. The tree on Foley's back begins just beneath his shoulder-blades and extends upward. The branchings are perfect. Both the boys are doing well.

JUSTICE JACKSON.

He Expires at his Home near Nashville, Tenn.

AGED SIXTY-THREE YEARS.

His Career on the Supreme Bench—The Income-Tax Decision the Last Case in Which He Sat.

Justice Jackson died after a long illness.

Justice Jackson's residence is six miles out in the country. The news of his death was telephoned from his house at 3.30 P. M. The telephone was then immediately disconnected apparently to stave off the flood of inquiries from points far and near which began pouring in.

The death of Justice Howell E. Jackson was not unexpected, though sudden, as his close friends have known for days that his end was near. There is no talk as yet of a probable successor.

JUSTICE JACKSON'S CAREER.

Howell Edmunds Jackson was born in Paris, Tenn., April 8, 1832, so that he was in his 63d year at the time of his death. Justice Jackson was a classical scholar, graduating from the West Tennessee College in 1848.

He studied law two years at the University of Virginia and in Jackson, under his kinsmen, Judges A. W. O. Totten and Milton Brown; graduated from the Lebanon Law School in 1856, in which year he was located in Jackson and engaged in the practice of his profession; removed to Memphis in 1869, where he continued the practice of law; served on the supreme bench by appointment on two occasions, and was once a prominent candidate for supreme judge before the nominating convention; relocated in Jackson in 1876; was elected to the state house of representatives in 1880 on the state credit platform; was elected to the United States Senate as a Democrat in 1881, and served till April 12, 1886; was appointed United States Circuit Judge by President Cleveland, and nominated for associate justice by President Harrison; was confirmed by the Senate February 18, 1893, and entered upon the duties of the office March 4, 1893.

The Seals Practically Gone.

Reports received at the State Department, Washington, from the United States Consul, at Victoria, British Columbia, are to the effect that the seals in Bering Sea are practically exterminated. The only satisfaction that the State Department gets from this melancholy intelligence is that it sustains the contention of successive Secretaries of State that more stringent regulations than those which have been in force were necessary to prevent the entire destruction of seal life in Bering Sea.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.		@ $	4 20
High Grade Extra			4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	71½		72
CORN—No. 2 White	49		51
OATS—Southern & Penn.	29		29½
RYE—No. 2	44		45
HAY—Choice Timothy	16 00		16 50
Good to Prime	15 50		16 00
STRAW—Rye in car lds.	8 50		9 00
Wheat Blocks	5 00		5 50
Oat Blocks	7 00		7 50
CANNED GOODS.			
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3		@ $	70
No. 2			55
PEAS—Standards	95		1 00
Seconds			85
CORN—Dry Pack			60
Moist			50
HIDES.			
CITY STEERS	11	@ $	12
City Cows	9½		10
Southern No. 2	8		8½
POTATOES & VEGETABLES.			
POTATOES—Burbanks	1 50	@ $	1 75
ONIONS	1 25		1 50
PROVISIONS.			
HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds.		@ $	7½
Clear ribsides	8		8¾
Hams	11¾		12
Mess Pork, per bar			13 50
LARD—Crude			6
Best refined			7¾
BUTTER.			
BUTTER—Fine Crmy	20	@ $	21
Under fine	18		19
Creamery Rolls	14		15
CHEESE.			
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy	8½	@ $	8¾
N. Y. flats	9		9¼
Skim Cheese	6		8
EGGS.			
EGGS—State	12	@ $	12½
North Carolina	10		11
LIVE POULTRY.			
CHICKENS—Hens	13½	@ $	14
Ducks, per lb	11		12
TOBACCO.			
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's	1 50	@ $	2 50
Sound common	3 00		4 00
Middling	6 00		7 00
Fancy	10 00		12 00
LIVE STOCK.			
BEEF—Best Beeves	4 75	@ $	5 00
SHEEP	2 25		4 00
Hogs	5 25		5 60
FURS AND SKINS.			
MUSKRAT	10	@ $	11
Raccoon	40		45
Red Fox	—		1 00
Skunk Black	—		80
Opossum	22		23
Mink	—		80
Otter	—		6 00

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern	3 10	@ $	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	73		74½
RYE—Western	56		60
CORN—No. 2	45¾		46¾
OATS—No. 3	28		28¾
BUTTER—State	12		18½
EGGS—State	14½		15½
CHEESE—State	6		8

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	3 60	@ $	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	72¾		73
CORN—No. 3	45¾		46
OATS—N. 2	28		28¼
BUTTER—State	20		21
EGGS—Penns. ft	13		14

For Free Coinage.

The Missouri Silver Democratic Convention at Pertle Springs declared for free coinage of silver at 16 to 1.

LOVE AND THE ECHO.

"Love me, love me," still he cried
"Ever love, forever!"
Cupid, laughing, turned aside:
Echo from the hill replied,
"Never, never, never."

"Love me, for I love but thee,
Ever, love, forever.
Heart to heart for thee and me."
Echo sighed, "It may not be,
Never, never, never."

"Love me now in life and death,
Ever, love, forever."
Sadly, in an under breath,
Sobbing Echo answereth,
"Never, never, never."

"Love me, I shall worthy prove.
Ever, love, forever."
"Till a fairer face shall move!"
Mocking Echo answers, "Love?
Never, never, never."

"Love me," still the lover sings,
"Ever, love, forever."
Cupid plumes for flight his wings
As the last faint echo rings—
"Never, never, never."

—Clara B. St. George, in Inter Ocean.

THE DEACON'S REVENGE.

I first met the deacon under rather odd circumstances. A persistent touch of rheumatism under my left shoulder, which defied liniments and plasters, sent me to the celebrated Hot Springs, seven miles north of Boomopolis, Southern California. The mud baths at these springs are justly celebrated for killing or curing all the ills that flesh inherits.

The long, low, narrow bath-house was not an inviting place. It smelled too much like an Inferno, and it was not clean. But rheumatism will take a man almost anywhere, and I did not shrink when I entered those dingy portals. The place was full of steam, through which I caught glimpses of muscular men in their shirt sleves, the sweat pouring from their faces and their brawny arms as they handled long shovels. They were preparing the mud baths for the victims. A long trough ran the whole length of the building, filled with black, silky mud, over which steaming water, which emitted a sulphurous odor, was running. When I stooped and put my finger into the uncanny liquid, I quickly lifted it out again and said "ouch."

At right angles with this main trough are smaller ones. At the head of each of these is a tub for a water bath, and beyond that is a dressing room. These divisions are separated by half partitions. A quantity of mud is taken from the big trough and stirred up in one of the little ones. When it has reached a proper consistency and temperature, the patient, who in the meantime has prepared himself for the ordeal in the adjoining dressing room, stretches himself at length upon the steaming mass and is covered by an attendant with more of the same material. A few gunny sacks, neatly arranged on the top to confine the heat, make an artistic finish, and the patient's head alone protrudes. The mineral waters, heated by nature, come constantly boiling and bubling through the ground, and the baths can be made seven times hotter than Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, if desired. If the patient survives, fire baths get the glory; if he dies, his case was hopeless from the start. Deacon Hardwicke would remain in one of these baths an hour, enduring an experience which might have killed a man of less phlegmatic temperament. Then he would try to persuade others to fellow his example, greatly to the disgust of the managers, who were afraid that somebody would die in a bath, and so ruin the reputation of their establishment. For similar reasons he was unpopular with the attendants.

Thus it happened that the deacon seemed to be deserted, when, balancing myself on the plank that edged the steaming pool, I halted at the foot of his grave and gazed, half in alarm, at his closed eyes and heavy immobile features, down which trickled little rivulets of perspiration.

"Will you kindly tell me what time it is?" he asked, in a sepulchral tone, which added to the horrors of the situation.

"Ten o'clock" I said. "Want to get out? I'll call the attendant."

"Time isn't up for fifteen minutes yet," replied the deacon.

I picked up a sponge that was at hand, in a basin of cool water, and for the next fifteen minutes I bathed the deacon's perspiring forehead with the grateful fluid. Then the attendant came, prepared to lift the little gate at the deacon's feet, to slide the slippery coverlet of mud off from him and back into the trough from which it had come, and to help him out of the tenacious, plastic cast that he had made in his sticky bed into the water-bath, and thence into the dressing-room, where he would receive a thorough grooming and be put to bed between a couple of blankets, there to doze and sweat for an hour or two longer. At this stage of the proceedings I fled the scene. The spectacle of the deacon's long, lank, loose-jointed figure, clothed only in a thin, clinging coat of jet-black mud, would have been too horribly ludicrous.

"Don't want a mudbath? They are great things," asked the deacon, as I turned to go.

"Not to-day," I replied. "To-morrow, maybe, or next day, perhaps I'll indulge."

"Take them about a hundred and ten and stay in three quarters of an hour, and they will cure your rheumatism," responded the deacon, reassuringly.

Two hours later the deacon joined the other guests at the hotel, professing to be greatly refreshed by his bath. His appearance was striking. He was tall, awkward and angular, yet dignified. His upper lip was smooth shaven, but on his chin was a heavy, grizzled growth of beard. His way of speech was so slow and solemn as to seem afflicted. I was told he was a '49er"; that his title of deacon was only honorary, having originally been bestowed by his associates in the mines and clinging to him through many changes of fortune; and that his businss was real estate. He was said to be very clever in working off acreages of cactus bed, sage brush and hillside upon new comers. His ungainly, honest appearance favored him, and he could look the prospective purchaser in the eye and weave the most remarkable romances without a quiver of his clerical features.

We became fast friends, and I found him an interesting study. It was the deacon's custom to make frequent trips to Boomopolis on business, returning to the hotel for more of his beloved baths. To reach the Hot Springs the traveler crosses five miles of desert country, where the cactus flourishes like the green bay-tree and the coyote shrills at night his peculiar lay. Then he climbs "the grade," a rise of a thousand feet in two miles. This part of the way is over a mountain road which skirts precipices and winds in and out among canons in a way that makes timid people dizzy.

At this time the great boom in Southern California had just collapsed and numbers of men who had lost all their money found themselves in a strange land, penniless and friendless. As a result crime, particularly robbery, was rampant.

One bright, beautiful winter afternoon, Deacon Hardwicke started for the hotel. That morning he had procured at Boomopolis a livery team and a driver, and had been taken to different points about the valley, looking at lands which were offered for sale. Having completed his inspection he was driven to the foot of the grade, and there he dismissed the team. No one else would have done this after a hard day's ride; but the deacon thought that the horses were tired, and also that the exercise of climbing the grade afoot would do him good. He had in his hands a little black leather wallet containing deeds, and, as he walked along, in his slow and dignified fashion, his eyes bent on the ground, he looked like a gentleman of leisure, perhaps a wealthy Eastern tourist out for an airing.

At the foot of the grade is a little ranch house, and, just beyond, the road makes a turn almost at right angles and skirts the edge of a canon, where the traveler is hidden from view from either direction. In this angle of the way a man was waiting for the afternoon stage, which was about due. It carried the mail for the hotel, and sometimes considerable express matter, to say nothing of the passengers. But the deacon happened to come first, and, as he turned the corner, plodding slowly along, he heard a smooth, clear, firm, but not impatient, voice say:

"Wait a moment, sir. And kindly hand over that gripsack and your money."

Glancing up, the deacon beheld a big revolver pointed at his head.

Deacon Hardwicke was surprised and grieved. He was not a coward. He had come across the plains in '49. He had lived in many a lawless community, had seen men lynched, had himself been a target for bullets more than once. If he had been armed he would have fought as he afterward assured me. But the appalling fact flashed over him that he had no "gun," and that the gentlemanly stranger "had the drop" on him. The politeness of the latter's address was not a balm for his wounded feelings.

"Come," said the highwayman, in a more threatening tone. "I mean business. Drop your wallet. Give me your money, or I'll let daylight through you."

The deacon halted and shook his fist at the man. What he said is not material to this recital. Then he turned and ran down the grade. His hat bobbed off and his long coat tails fluttered out behind. It was an undignified and risky proceeding, but there seemed no help for it, except to give up his money and the deacon did not consider that for a moment.

The highwayman fired twice, and the deacon afterward stated that the balls whistled in close proximity to his head. The shots flustered him. He stumbled, tripped and fell. He bruised his shins and tore the skin from his wrists. The wallet flew from his hand and he lay in the road, howling with rage and pain.

The marauder advanced leisurely and picked up the wallet. Just then the stage, which was was a trifle late, as usual, rolled slowly around the turn in the road. The deacon's assailant leaped down the steep bank of the canon and rolled headlong among the chaparral. He regained his feet, crossed the rocky bed of the stream at the bottom of the canon, and disappeared among the bushes on the other side. The deacon lifted his long, bleeding arms toward heaven as he watched his foe depart beyond the reach of effective pursuit, and fairly screamed with impotent fury. The remarks of the passengers on the stage which picked him up and brought him to the hotel, did not tend to make him better natured. "Guess it was all a fake." "I didn't hear any shots." "More scared than hurt." These were some of the whispered comments that came to the deacon's ears. But he sat glum, indignant and silent until they reached the house.

Then he drew me aside, and I helped him put court plaster on his wounded wrists. "If I only had a gun that fellow would never have got out of there alive. I don't mind the pain. It's the disgrace that hurts. I don't see how I was careless enough to leave my gun at home, these times," he said, with tears in his eyes.

"Still," I suggested, "as I understand it, he had the drop on you before you saw him. Perhaps it is just as well you did not have your gun. He might have killed you.

"Possibly," said the deacon; "but I would have fired as long as I could have crooked a finger. Now I shall be a laughing stock as long as I live. The boys will think it rich—simply rich."

"Do you think you would know the fellow should you see him again?" I asked.

"I should know him anywhere. He is short and wiry, dark hair, mustache, no beard, black eyes. And there is a great, red, flaming scar across his cheek—knife wound, I reckon."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," I said. "Let us go to Boomopolis and find him. He will soon see that there is no pursuit and will certainly go there. Perhaps we can arrest him yet."

The deacon grasped my hand in both of his, and wrung it until it ached.

"How can I thank you?" he exclaimed. "We'll go to-night. And if we catch him you will see the prettiest fight of your life."

I prepared myself for the expedition by donning an old suit of clothes and leaving my valuables at home. I had a perpetual winding Waterbury watch which I used when on hunting expeditions, and took it with me, also $10 in silver and a small, plain, but serviceable revolver. We procured horses at the hotel stables and rode into town in the early evening.

Boomopolis at that time was only an infant among the cities of Southern California. There were huge gaps among its business houses, now filled with stately edifices. There were no pavements, and where a hundred globes of electric fire now glare at night upon the passerby, there was then only the dim and fitful gleam of lamps from the windows of the scattered stores.

After an elaborate supper at the Transcontinental, prepared by a French chef from Dublin and served by retired cowboys from Arizona, we sallied forth to visit the saloons and gambling places in search of our robber. We made three or four circuits of the town without success, and finally found ourselves in the "Magnolia Club Rooms." The establishment was really only a single room, on the ground floor back of a cigar store, arranged for faro and other games of chance. It was lighted by a solitary, mammoth lamp, which was suspended from the ceiling over a long, green covered table, upon which were scattered cards and gold coins. Around it were perhaps a dozen men, of various sorts and conditions, all intent upon "the game." As many more, including ourselves, were interested onlookers. The room was blue with tobacco smoke, and the door at the farther end, which afforded communication with an adjoining bar, was perpetually on the swing.

I was enjoying the character of a detective hugely. So far there was a pleasant tinge of excitement—or rather, an expectation of excitement—and very little danger. But as we scanned the faces of the company without seeing our man, the deacon's brow grew black with disappointment. It was now after midnight. The cigar store was closed, but the bar was kept open all night. Disappointed in our search, we became absorbed in watching the game. There was something of the gambler in every man, and, as I looked upon the tense excited faces of the players, the contagion of their example seized me, and I felt in my pocket for a coin. Finding nothing but silver, which I did not like to stake, as there was none on the table, I was on the point of borrowing a double eagle from the deacon, when I heard a quiet but distinct voice, at the end of the room, say:

"Hands up, gentlemen, if you please."

Glancing around, I saw a man standing at the door leading to the bar, with a revolver in each hand pointed at us. He was a short, slight man, with dark hair and a flaming scar across his face.

There was no confusion. One of the loungers quietly placed his back against the door leading to the cigar store and drew two revolvers, which he pointed along the table. Two others, evidently confederates also, stood at ease awaiting the next order. The rest of us lifted our hands simultaneously. Any one could see, that it was the only thing to do. The deacon's face was white as snow and his jaws were set like a steel trap.

"The gents that are seated will kindly rise," said the voice near the door.

The gamblers rose as one man.

"Now then. Everybody right about and face the wall," was the next command.

We faced about.

"March," said the cool, emphatic voice. "Two feet from the wall stop."

We advanced in two rows to the opposite sides of the room and stood, as directed, ranged against the walls. Then the two confederates stepped leisurely to the table, and scooped the gold into a couple of little sacks which they produced from their pockets.

"Keep your hands up, everybody," came a quick and sharp warning from the door, as some one inadvertently lowered his arms a trifle. "We're not through with you yet," the voice added.

Having secured the money on the table, the brigands proceeded to rob our persons. With a great show of politeness they requested us to give up our watches, money and weapons. I was one of the first to comply. The fellow tossed my revolver and my few silver dollars into his sack, and grabbed at my watch.

Just then there was a crashing, explosive sound, deafening in the narrow confines of the room—then another—another and another. Then came darkness, a quick rush of feet, a tumult of shouts and groans.

It was the deacon, of course. I knew it before the welcome, hurried arrival of men from outside, with lanterns. He had "turned loose" at the leader. They had exchanged three or four shots before the light went out, quickly and mysteriously. The men with the sacks and the money were gone, but the deacon was bending over a form that was stretched upon the floor. There was an eager wolf light in his eye; one hand still held the revolver, and the fingers of the other worked spasmodically backward and forward, as if he longed to clutch the fallen man by the throat. The fellow tried to lift himself upon his elbow.

"I know you, pard," he said. "You're the man I stood up this afternoon. You've held over me this time. I'm gone.

The deacon's eye softened. He dropped his revolver, put his long arm under the other's head, and tried to turn him into a more comfortable position.

"I am sorry for you," he said, slowly and simply.

"Oh—it's—all—right," gasped the wounded man, evidently speaking with great difficulty. "I came—into—the—game—on—a bluff, but you've—called—me—sure."

"Is there anything that I can do for you?" asked the deacon. "Any message—any——"

"Bend down here," said the man.

The deacon lowered his head, and the other whispered something to him.

"I'll do it," said the deacon, "I'll do it, so help me, God!

That was all. The crowd of people, attracted by the firing and the news of the robbery, gradually went away. The physicians summoned to attend the wounded outlaw explained that nothing could be done for him, except to make him a trifle easier for an hour or two. The hours of the night passed quickly, but long before morning the useless, crime stained life was at an end.

The next day in the afternoon, the deacon and I sat on the veranda of the hotel at the Hot Springs enjoying a sunbath and admiring the diversified landscape before us.

"Nature is a lavish giver, a profligate," said the deacon, in his solemn way. "See what an immense expanse of useless mountain lies before us, what a small area, comparatively, of cultivated land. It's a great waste. Don't you think so?"

"I suppose it is," I replied, "from the point of view of real estate. But it makes magnificent scenery."

"It's the same with human life," resumed the deacon. "For one who makes life a brilliant success there are millions who make a failure."

I knew that the deacon was moralizing upon our recent adventure.

"Now there was that young fellow yesterday," he said. "Had he told me who he was I would have lent him a hundred to go East, and there he might have amounted to something. He simply threw his life away."

"He wasn't much of a marksman," I said, "or he might have succeeded better here."

"No," replied the deacon, "he was no good with a gun. That chap with him, though, was very clever in shooting out the light. Now if he had been at the other door, the thing might have been different."

"What did that young fellow say to you?" I asked.

"Told me his name. You would know the family if I should mention it. Wanted me to see that he was decently buried, and to write to his father and mother."

"And you will do it, of course," I said.

"I have given orders for the funeral. That's easy enough. But to write to the old folks is quite another thing."—Argonaut.

An Old Soldier's Experience.

Speaking of grewsome things, an old soldier told me yesterday of the most affecting parting he ever had in his life. It was a parting with himself, or rather a part of himself. He was in an engagement before Petersburg, and had the misfortune to come in contact with a piece of broken shell, which exploded near him, and which succeeded in shattering his leg. Amputation was necessary, and shortly after he was lying in his tent. As he looked up he saw a wagon piled up with legs and arms of others who had been unfortunate in the engagement, and right on the top he recognized his own leg.

"It was a sad parting," he said, "to see a part of you going away never to be returned again. I can never tell you what strange feelings came over me, and to this day I can see that fine black horse hauling my leg away to its last resting place.

Wounded in an Odd Way.

A farmer of East Monmouth, Me., is suffering from a serious pistol wound which he received in an odd way. He was leading a frolicsome colt and the animal whirled round and kicked, striking him over his hip pocket, in which was a loaded revolver. The pistol was discharged and the bullet lodged in the calf of the farmer's leg, inflicting a severe wound.

WHY THEY PAINT THEIR FACES.

Apache Legend Which Accounts for the Red Man's Ceremonial Custom.

"'Why do Indians paint their faces?' I have asked that question of hundreds of Red Men, and have received but one answer. Of all the tribes that I have visited but one has a legend accounting for the hideous decorations that are to be seen on the faces of Indians under all ceremonial circumstances.

"I was sitting at a camp fire in a village of Jacarilla Apaches one night listening to the stories and legends that were being told, when I propounded the old question again, hardly expecting even the usual expression of ignorance that hides so many of the thoughts of the Indians. To my surprise, however, I received the answer that I least expected," says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "An old fellow who had sat all the evening listening to the stories without changing his attitude grunted and straightened up as he heard the question. Proceeding with all due solemnity, he told the following legend:

"'Long ago, when men were weak and animals were big and strong, a chief of the Red Men who lived in these mountains went out to get a deer, for his people were hungry. After walking all day he saw a deer and shot at it, but the arrow was turned aside and wounded a mountain lion which was also after the deer. When the lion felt the sting of the arrow he jumped up and bounded after the man, who ran for his life. He was almost exhausted, when he felt his strength give way, he fell to the ground, calling on the big bear, who, you know, is the grandfather of men, to save him. The big bear heard the call and saw that to save the man he had to act quickly, so he scratched his foot and sprinkled his blood over the man.

"'Now, you know, no animal will eat of the bear or taste of his blood. So when the lion reached the man he smelled the blood and turned away, but as he did so his foot scraped the face of the man, leaving the marks of his claws on the bloody face. When the man found that he was uninjured he was so thankful that he left the blood to dry on his face and never washed it at all, but left it until it peeled off. Where the claws of the lion scraped it off there were marks that turned brown in the sun, and where the blood stayed on it was lighter. You know, all men paint their faces that way with blood and scrape it off in streaks when they hunt or go to war.'"

BIG COAL PILES.

They Are Worth from $36,000 to $40,000 Apiece.

Thousands of tons of anthracite and bituminous coal are shipped from South Amboy, N. J., and from Perth Amboy, just opposite. The Lehigh Valley Railroad docks at Perth Amboy are among the largest of the kind in the world, while those owned and controlled by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in this town fall little short of the capacity of the Lehigh docks.

In the shipment of coal from these ports, one of the problems which is continually puzzling the railroad companies is to keep the rolling-stock constantly in motion. For a number of years the coal was allowed to stand in the cars until the vessels were ready at the docks to receive the cargo. At times there would be three or four hundred cars loaded with coal in the South Amboy yards practically tied up for two or three weeks. As it was to the interest of the company to keep the cars continually moving, it became a serious matter. The difficulty was finally solved, and now in place of the train after train of cars in the South Amboy yards may be seen immense piles of coal, half the size of a large circus tent.

As soon as a train load reaches South Amboy the cars are unloaded and the coal placed in these piles by means of an ingenious device consisting of traveling elevator buckets held in position by large swinging derricks and operated by a small engine. The coal falls from the outlet under the cars and is carried to the top of the heap by means of the endless elevator. Here it lies until ready for loading, when it is reloaded in the cars by means of the same apparatus and transferred to the hold of the coasting steamer or "tramp" ocean steamer.

As a rule, the piles usually contain about 9,000 tons each, and each is worth $36,000 to $40,000, according to the market value of the coal. At times there are twelve or fourteen of these coal piles in the yards at South Amboy. Recently canvas has been used to cover each pile to prevent the coal from "rusting," which, while not affecting its burning qualities, detracts from its market value. The canvas covers cost $1,000 and $1,200 each, and the stock-yard looks as though Barnum's Circus had found a permanent camping place. The immense piles of coal create no feeling of wonder to the local residents, who look upon them as a matter of course, but they are a source of great wonderment to the residents of the city, whose conception of a large amount of coal is at best vague.

NATION OF TOBACCO USERS.

We Consume Yearly Five Pounds to Every Man, Woman and Child.

It is evident from the internal revenue receipts from the consumption of tobacco that we are a nation of chewers, smokers and snuffers. This is discouraging to those who rail against the vice, but then they have the satisfaction of knowing that the indulgence costs the smoking public dear. Just how expensive it is to use tobacco cannot be easily ascertained, but it may be gauged from the fact that the revenue from tobacco alone during the fiscal year 1894 was $28,617,898.62.

Surely a nation that can afford to expend such an amount in taxes on tobacco—for of course the tax comes from the consumer—to say nothing of the cost of the material, must have money to burn. That, of course, is its end—burned up, chewed up or snuffed up. And despite the magnitude of the sum the internal revenue tax from tobacco in 1894 shows a decrease from that of 1893 of $3,271,813.12. The falling off is naturally attributed to the hard times.

In one way and another the people of the United States use a great deal of tobacco, estimated by bulk. The figures show the consumption to be about 344,000,000 pounds for the year 1894, or, on the basis of 60,000,000 population, nearly five pounds per annum for every man, woman and child in the country. To those who have thought that the unpleasant habit of snuffing has gone out of existence it will be interesting to learn that the total domestic production of the article for the year was 11,627,092 pounds. Think of the enormous number of pinches this represents. Despite the falling off in the revenue, it is a curious fact that the decrease is less from snuff than from any other form of tobacco except cigarettes, which actually shows an increase. The percentages are approximately as follows: Cigars and cheroots, 68.5; chewing and smoking tobacco, 31; snuff, 55. The increase in cigarettes is about 125 per cent.

A LUCKY ACCIDENT.

Why a "Jackstone" Maker Turned His Attention to Puzzles.

As an example of how a remunerative specialty in hardware forced itself on a receptive and appreciative Yankee, the following incident will be of interest:

Among the manufacturers small castings are often put in revolving cylinders with pickers or stars made of cast iron, having usually six points, the extremes of which are about an inch apart.

They are also familiar to toy dealers, who sell them to children as "jackstones." The pickers, together with small castings, are put into the tumbling barrels, so that any particles of sand adhering may be removed and a better finish given the castings.

A large and well-known New England concern, which, in addition to the other lines, manufactures screw wrenches largely, formerly used a peculiarly shaped malleable iron ferrule, with irregular openings at the four sides and circular openings at the two ends, weighing about an ounce.

Some of these ferrules chanced to be a part of the contents in one of the tumbling barrels.

When the barrel was opened the attendant noticed, what to him seemed almost incredibale, that the picker with all its prongs was inside the ferrule, the openings of which were comparatively small. The observant mechanic logically concluded that as it had got in it could be got out again.

The phenomenon was brought to the attention of parties who decided to apply the idea in a puzzle, and the result has been that the original manufacturers are now making the two parts under contract, in ton lots, while the first order is said to have netted a profit to the promoters of $1,700.

Why Her Husband Never Forgot.

Two married ladies were talking about their respective and respected lords.

"Does your husband forget things?" asked one.

"Never," said the other.

"Well, mine does. I think there is hardly a day when he comes home from his office that he doesn't begin to apologize for his forgetfulness. Of course, I have to accept the apology on his promise to do better, and the next day the very same thing occurs."

"That must be extremely annoying."

"It is. Sometimes I get so vexed with him that I really have to scold him."

"And that never is pleasant."

"I should say not. I'm sure I'd rather be anything else than a scold, but some husbands actually drive their wives to it. I've been married ten years, and sometimes I almost fear if he doesn't improve he will have my temper utterly spoiled."

"I've been married a dozen years and I never have any such trouble."

"Maybe your husband is an exception?"

"No; he's only average as married men go."

"Wasn't he ever forgetful?"

"He was at first, but I cured him of it."

"Gracious! I think mine is incurable."

"Oh, no. You can cure him easily if you will use my remedy."

"I'm sure I'll be only too glad to. What is it?"

"Never ask him to get anything for you. Get it yourself. He has enough to think about without being errand boy."

"Oh!" exclaimed the first woman, and remained silent for as much as two minutes.

The value of Montana, mines and all, is $18,609,802.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. Aug. 15.

THE NEW RACKET

No. 9-11 Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte.

If Our Old Customers in Penns Valley

Have the least idea that there is any store in Bellefonte that is the equal of The New Racket, they only need to call and see for themselves. We hear disinterested persons say everyday, "This store is away ahead of anything in this town." "This is as fine and as large as any store in Williamsport," &c.

In Regard to Prices.

We hold the fort against all competition. We know what is going on. Are never undersold on the least item, and U get many at half the usual price. No tricks or misrepresentations allowed.

Special Attention Is Called to the Black Dress Goods Department.

Botany Mills, Specialties for Ladies Wear. The Silk Novelties for Ladies Waists and Dresses. The Dress Lining Department is first class, the Notion Department is up to date. Headquarters for everything usually found in a

Modern Department Store.

G. R. SPIGELMYER,
SHEM SPIGELMYER, Jr.
Bellefonte, Pa.

DOG DAYS

Are usually considered "dull days." Not so here. The prices we have placed on our goods during our great Turning Sale are making the old proverbial days hum. Turning summer goods into money, although at a loss, using that money to buy winter goods, selling the same at a living profit, pays better than carrying goods over, which will be out of style by next season.

Two months yet of hot weather. Will you be one to help keep the old dog days humming?

These Great Bargains Will Last Only Through August.

o——o

W. T. MEYER,

Bush Arcade,
Two doors from postoffice. **Bellefonte.**

Got Lost.

A week ago an 8 year old son of David Wantz living at the foot of the mountain, near Aaronsburg, while with his father and sister on the mountain after huckleberries, strayed off and wandered away aimlessly until he reached the house of John Auman, late in the evening, in Brush valley. His father and sister went home, thinking the little fellow had got there before them, but were disappointed. Searching parties at once scoured the mountain until midnight, when Mr. Auman sent word to the father of his boy's whereabouts. He was hatless and bleeding from body and feet from the effect of briars and thorns.

Nearly 20 Years Old.

One day last week Curtin Lose and Abe Dougherty were out near what is known as the sand spring, in Nippenose valley, for huckleberries, and as they were busily engaged at picking they came across a rattlesnake that seemed to be of unusual size. After the reptile was killed it was found to contain sixteen rattles and the body was as thick as an ordinary man's arm. According to this the snake was nearly twenty years old. If any one can beat that we would be glad to hear from them.

A Badly Scared Bear.

The Osceola *Leader* tells of a story now going of a Philipsburg girl who, while picking raspberries, met a bear among the briars. She turned to run and tore her dress on a briar so as to expose her patent wire bustle. The bear, mistaking the bustle for a circus cage, struck for tall timber, leaving the girl to go without hugging.

Good for Rheumatism.

Simon Harper credits his hard and heroic labor in getting out stones for the Reformed church as having driven the rheumatism out of him. Yes, and he will find a still greater reward in store for him for his disinterested work.

Died Suddenly.

Henry Walizer died at Mackeyville on night of 1. He retired in his usual good health and Friday morning was found dead in bed. Heart failure is supposed to be the cause of death. He was about 70 years old.

Potatoes Plenty.

Farmers are commencing to take up their potatoes and find the yield good. They are bringing from 25 to 30 cents per bushel.

360 pair Men's All Wool Pants, worth 3.00 and 4.00. Our price, 1.50. Lyon & Co.

'PHONES STRIKING

COUNTRY SUBSCRIBERS ASK FOR A REDUCTION.

Centre County 'Phones Must be Lower or There will be no more "Hello" from Pennsvalley.

The telephone subscribers of this county have struck for lower rates, demanding a reduction from $4 to $3 per month, and their ultimatum is that this reduction be granted forthwith, otherwise the 'phones must be taken out by 15 August next, and after that the "Hello" will be for another telephone company to step in and receive the patronage heretofore enjoyed by the old monopoly, at rates that will be satisfactory to the subscribers.

The demand is signed by all the telephone subscribers in Penn's valley, and the Bellefonte subscribers have informed the telephone company that with the country 'phones dropping out, there will be no need of 'phones in the business places of Bellefonte. The Nittany valley 'phone subscribers have likewise signed a demand for lower rates or that the instruments be taken out.

This is taking the bull by the horns and means business. Telephone service has been mighty profitable—the best stock in the world—and has paid from 50 to 100 per cent. every year for seventeen years.

The patents of the monopoly have expired and the field is now open for new telephone companies to engage in the business, and, happily, competition will bring with it lower rates, for the use of 'phones and still earn large dividends.

The following is the demand signed by the Penn's valley subscribers:

To the Central Telephone and Supply Company:

We, the undersigned petitioners, having respectfully petitioned you in a former petition asking for a lower rate, and the reply to that petition being unsatisfactory, we again petition you, asking for the rent of telephones to be reduced to three ($3,00) dollars per month, and if you cannot grant it, we ask that you remove our 'phones by Aug. 15th, 1895.

C. P. Long, Spring Mills.
William S. Musser, "
F. H. Vanvalzah, "
W. M. Allison, "
B. A. Noll & Co., Pleasant Gap.
J. E. Lenker, Lemont.
C. E. Emerick, M. D., Centre Hall.
P. P. Long, Spring Mills.
P. S. Fisher, M. D., Zion.
J. H. Weber.
Harper & Kreamer, Centre Hall.
G. H. Long, Spring Mills.
W. H. Noll, Jr., & Bro., Pl. Gap.
J. Irvin Ross & Son, Lemont.
Wolf & Crawford, Centre Hall.
I. Y. Dale, M. D., Lemont.

The Bellefonte telephone subscribers have notified the Company as follows:

To the Central Penn'a Telephone and Supply Co.

We, the undersigned subscribers to the Central Penn'a Telephone & Supply Company, fully understand that the subscribers to the above Company expect to abandon the use of the telephone at the following named towns: Spring Mills, Centre Hall, Pleasant Gap, Lemont, State College and other places, unless they are on equal rates with us, or, as they ask in their petition, a three ($3.00) dollars per month rate.

As the rates were equal, when our contracts were entered into, and we are interested that they should still continue to be, for, as a matter of business our 'phones are not worth to us, what they should be, if the country village subscribers cease to use them.

Signed by, James Harris & Co., Logan Machine Works, F. P. Green, J. D. Sourbeck, John Anderson, John Blanchard, Frank Stover, Jno. P. Harris, Co. Com's, T. H. Harter, B. C. Auchenbach, Orvis & Bower, J. Zeller & Son, J. L. Seibert, Keller & Keller, A. O. Furst, G. W. Jackson & Co., C. C. Shuey, Beaver Lumber Co., C. M. Parish, C. W. Tripple, Brockerhoff Bros., Jenkins & Lingle, H. L. Hutchison, Ed. K. Rhoads, Joseph Bro's, Krumrine Bro's, Joe Ceader, A. & C. Garmon, E. T. Tuten, F. E. Naginy, Lyon & Co., W. A. Lyon, R. G. Larrimer, John Meese, J. M. Neubauer, H. A. McKee, B. Supply House, Jared Harper, D. Irvin's Sons, W. L. Daggett, Taylor & Buck, J. D. Shugert, G. L. Potter, Schreyer & Reese, Gerbrick, Hale & Co., W. B. Maitland, C. P. Hewes, Montgomery & Co.

The telephone company would argue that it is more expensive to keep up the country line. But let it bear in mind that Bellefonte has as much, yes more, benefit from it as the country, hence it is sound logic that it is wrong to charge the country users higher rates.

About Torn Down.

The old Reformed church building purchased by Boozer Bros., is about razed to the ground. Howard Homan and son George had the contract of demolishing the building and made quick work of it.

—A neat and stylish fitting suit is every young man's delight, and Lewins, Bellefonte, has a fine and complete stock from which to select. Prices are away down and a dollar goes a great way at this store.

—Subscribefor the REPORTER, $1.50

BIG BICYCLE RUN.

Stop at Centre Hall on Trip from Denver to Philadelphia—Guests of the Reporter.

Two young men, C. H. Mitchell and W. B. Taylor, members of the Denver Wheel Club, arrived here at noon yesterday on their wheels, on a run from Denver to Philadelphia, for a wager of $700, and to earn $500 on their way by mandolin and guitar concerts. During an hour's stop here the cyclists were the guests of the "Reporter," and before their departure favored us with a few sweet tunes from their stringed instruments.

They left Denver June 1, and have until August 25 to make Philadelphia, and were thus just eleven days ahead of time. From Denver to the "Reporter" office their cyclometer registered 2440 miles. They said that at no time were they tired on the trip. The longest run made was 132 miles in one day of 10 hours thro Nebraska. They will reach Philadelphia on Saturday.

Each one bore on his wheel a small American flag presented to them by Gov. McKinley at a reception in Columbus. They expected to reach Lewisburg, last evening. Thus far they had earned $440 on their trip.

Died at an Advance Age.

Mrs. Catharine Judge, the oldest resident of Clinton county, died at her home at Renova Friday night, aged 108 years. She was born in Ireland in 1787 and came to this country forty years ago, spending the last thirty years of her life with her son at Renova, who is now eighty-five years of age and a daily worker in the railroad shops at that place.

Mrs. Judge retained her faculties to the last, and could read without the aid of glasses up to within a few weeks of her death. She was a familiar figure on the streets of the town up to within a few weeks ago, walking without any trouble and able to recognize all of her acquaintances.

Sociable Near Shingletown.

About fifty friends assembled at the home of Mr. Jacobs, father of Dr. Jacobs of our town, on Tuesday, to have an enjoyable social time, and had it too, among them some from this place. After spending a part of the evening in pleasant chat, a hop was called and a platform provided for the purpose, was occupied by those fond of "tripping the light fantastic." At 11 o'clock supper was announced and an elegant set out faced the happy guests, and they feasted like princes. After supper dancing was resumed and kept up to the wee sma' hours o' the morn. All had a most delightful time.

P. O. S. of A. Picnic.

Last Saturday the Patriotic Order Sons of America picniced at Centre Hall, in Smith's grove. The picnic was attended by about seventy-five members of the order, and in the morning a parade was made through the streets of the town, headed by the Aaronsburg band. The order made a good appearance in their full regalia of caps, sashes and swords. Very few visitors were attracted to the town, and everything passed off very quietly and orderly.

Filed an Opinion.

Judge Biddle, of Cumberland county has filed an opinion which interprets the new fee bill relative to constables' and justices' costs, deciding that the fee for serving a warrant does not entitle the constable to $1 for each defendant, but for all. The suit was brought by W. D. Humer, constable of Carlisle, against the county commissioners in a case stated, which will affect every constable in the state.

Bought a Sawmill.

Jonathan Harter and Cyrus Brungart, of Millheim, says the Journal, bought the sawmill and 100 acres of timberland, located in Sugar valley, and formerly owned by Jacob Emerick, of Coburn. They intend to dispose of the property as soon as they can find a purchaser.

Have Closed Down.

The Centre Hall Implement works have closed the shops and have discontinued manufacturing of implements, among which was the famous corn-planter. All the employes have been discharged, and our most important industry will remain idle for the present at least.

Cemetery Notice.

On Saturday, August 24, the Lutheran and Reformed cemetery, at Tusseyville, will be cleaned. All who have dead buried there are hereby notified to be present and fix up their graves.

Rev. Rearick's Appointments.

Lutheran preaching next Sunday at St. Lukes, at 10 a. m.; at Cross church at 2 p. m.; St. John's at 7:30 p. m., children's service.

—Lyon & Co., Bellefonte, are making a big drive in shoes. They carry a full line in this department, and at prices that are way below their competitors, It is useless to pay a big price for shoes when you can get the same article several dollars cheaper at Lyons. Don't pay any dealer an extravagant price, until you inspect their stock.

WON ANOTHER.

Centre Hall Pulls Another Game Out of the Fire.

The Centre Hall ball club did battle with an aggregation of players from Lemont, State College and Boalsburg, last Saturday, and won the game after an exciting contest by a score of 10 to 9.

The game was played on the grounds in Grange park and was witnessed by a good sized crowd. The game was anybody's from the start to the finish and neither club had a lead pipe cinch on it until the game was over. The Hartswick brothers were the points for the visitors, while Frank Ross and Tom Bartges did the elegant for Centre Hall. At the sixth inning Skip Smith relieved Ross, both doing good work throughout the game.

From the mass of errors made by each team the surprising part is that the score was not larger. Fumbles, wild and stupid throwing were to be seen in every inning, and Centre Hall excelled in these, but did good work at the bat. The game was won in the ninth inning. The visitors were one run ahead at the end of their ninth. Centre Hall had two runs to make to win the game. With one out and three men on bases, Holly made a hit bringing in two runs, ending the game.

Here's the story in detail:

CENTRE HALL.

	R	H	O	A	E
VanPelt, 2b	1	2	2	6	1
Bartges, c...	1	1	10	1	3
Holley, 3b...	0	2	1	0	1
Hostrm'n, 1b	1	1	10	0	2
Smith, ss, p..	1	2	0	4	1
J Meyer, lf..	2	0	2	0	1
Ross, p, ss...	1	1	2	1	0
Benner, cf...	0	0	0	0	0
Martz, rf.....	3	1	0	0	0
Totals.....	10	10	27	12	9

LEMONT.

	R	H	O	A	E
Dale, 2b.....	0	0	3	1	1
N Hrtsw'k, c	1	1	9	2	0
Kline, 1b.....	1	0	11	0	0
Stewart, ss...	4	2	0	5	0
P. Meyer, 3b	0	0	0	1	2
J Hrtsw'k, rf	0	0	0	0	1
Woods, lf.....	1	0	2	0	1
A. Hrtsw'k, p	1	1	0	6	0
Spicher, cf..	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	9	4	25	14	5

One out when winning run was scored.

Lemont	0	1	1	1	2	4	0	0	0—	9
Centre Hall.....	0	2	0	2	1	1	1	0	2—	10

Earned runs C. H. 4; L. 2. Base on balls Ross 1, Smith 3, Hartswick 9—2 base hits Stewart—Three base hits Smith, Hosterman—Stolen bases, Holly, Meyer 3, Woods, Stewart, Hartswick—Double plays, Bartges to Ross, Stewart to Dale to Kline—Struck out, by Ross 4, Smith 4, Hartswick 4—Passed balls Bartges 5, Hartswick. Umpires, Wolf and Kurtz Scorer, Diller. Time 2.30.

Leg Crushed.

Mr. James Downs, a very estimable citizen and one of the oldest employes of the tannery at this place, says the Philipsburg *Ledger*, met with a dreadful accident early on Wednesday morning, which may be the cause of his death, or should he recover, will leave him badly crippled. He was oiling the machinery, which was running at half speed, as it was not yet time to go to work, and was leaning over a revolving belt when he slipped and fell and was instantly whirled over the pulley, which ran only about three inches from a heavy wall. His one leg was jammed by the revolution of the belt between the pulley and the wall, and his other leg was caught at the knee between the spokes of the pulley and was churned round and round until it was twisted and torn into sausage meat. Fortunately another workman saw the accident and ran as quick as possible to the engine room and stopped the engine. Before Mr. Downs could be extricated from his dreadful plight part of the wall had to be torn away. He was taken to his home and a surgeon was brought, who examined his injuries and found one leg from the knee down crushed to a pulp. The knee cap was torn loose and forced to the rear of the leg and the joint completely mashed. The other leg is hurt, but not so badly. The leg has not been amputated and will not be unless symptoms of blood poison appear, but if he recovers he will be badly crippled.

Milton's Big Fair.

The eleventh annual meeting of the Milton Driving Park and Fair association will occur on the 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th of September, and it will be the biggest and best meeting the society has ever held. The premiums and purses are more liberal than those of any other fair in the central part of the state. Extensive improvements have been made in the buildings and grounds and a fine exhibit in all departments of the fair is promised. There is every promise of a large field of horses for the races. The society has just signed a contract with Fenz & Co., the famous booking agents, for exhibitions daily by the great Arab Troupe, Bark Ben Achmet—composed of three men and three ladies. The feat of this troupe are marvelous and they will give exhibitions each day of the fair. The railroads will all run specials and sell excursion tickets.

The Oats.

Our farmers are busy cutting oats; it is tall in some fields, medium in others, while in a few fields it is short. In many fields there is a mixture of green with ripe oats, which is second growth following the spring freeze, and an observing farmer tells us that all this second growth will have only chaff.

Children's Service.

The Reformed and Lutheran Sabbath school will have a children's service in the Tusseyville church on Saturday evening, 17.

—The merchant tailoring establishment at Lewins, Bellefonte, is turning out more and finer work than any in this part of the state. The prices are just right, and once a customer always customers there.

IS HE THE MAN?

CARPENTER SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN NABBED.

A Milesburger Arrested for Passing the Forged Check on the Penns Valley Bank.

On Monday Boyd Stonerode, of Milesburg, was arrested on a warrant sworn out by Enoch Hugg, merchant of that place, charged with forging Hugg's name on a check which was paid by the Penns valley bank at Centre Hall.

The check was made payable to —— Carpenter, and was for $197, which was paid by the bank, but the money was recovered before Carpenter got out of town. The bank allowed the man to go free after recovering the money, but Mr. Hugg thought otherwise, and believing that Carpenter was none other than Stonerode, had a warrant issued for his arrest.

Stonerode demanded a hearing and gave bail for his appearance before justice of peace Keichline, at Bellefonte, on Friday morning. Frank Crawford, the pseudo constable, who made the arrest, and William B. Mingle, who cashed the check, have been subpoenaed to appear at the hearing and if possible identify the man Carpenter.

A Bicycle Race.

There will be a great bicycle race in Tyrone on the 24th, The clubs from Centre, Huntingdon, Cambria, Clearfield, Bedford and Blair counties are to be invited and the race will be open to all in class A. It was the intention of the Tyrone club to bring the race off on a five-mile stretch of road from Tyrone to Bald Eagle, but Charles Woodin offered them the use of his racing track just below town and they have accepted his proposition and the race will be brought off there.

Will Preach at Hublersburg.

Rev. John A. Bright, of Topeka, Kansas, formerly of Nittany valley, will preach in Hublersburg, Pa., on Sunday evening, August 18th, in the Presbyterian church. His son Geo., of Wittenberg Theological Seminary, Springfield, Ohio, will sing some choice selections. He has won quite a reputation as soloist.

—A big drive is being made in spring and summer clothing, all styles and prices. The goods are going fast. If you want one of them you will miss a life-long chance by not coming at once.—Lewins, Bellefonte.

Notwithstanding the enormous advance in hides, and consequent rise in leather and shoes, we are selling all our goods at old prices. : : : : :

WE anticipated the advance, and filled our store room and basement with staple footwear, which cannot now be bought for less than 20 per cent. advance. - - -

THEY go at the old price while they last, which in many cases is less than we can buy them for. - - -

Mingle's Shoe Store.

Bellefonte.

Copco Soap, made by the Fairbank's Gold Dust people; its a toilet soap almost as large as a cake of washing soap and at the remarkably low price, 5c

Have you heard of the full pound bar of Oline at 4c. Call and examine it. One trial will convince you that it is the best soap on the market for the price.

Our low priced lawns, 1,000 yards more received lately. You can only tell they are low priced by the mark, not by examination. They look as well made up as goods that cost double.

A big crate of bamboo book shelves; shelves of oak with brass trimmings.

Plain Red Duck — Red Duck with a small dot and all the leading shades in that fabric.

CARMANS,

Bellefonte, - Penna.

THE GLOBE.

DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY

THE GLOBE'S SPECIALS FOR THIS WEEK.

Our Eastern buyer has again loaded us with Bargains, which, owing to the lateness of the season, he has picked up at ridiculously low prices.

Here Are a Few of Them

NOW ON SALE.

20 pieces Percales, beautiful patterns, same goods as we asked 12c for during the season, now 8 1-2c yer yard.

25 pieces Apron Check Gingham, fast colors, and the best goods at 4 1-2c per yard.

Enough good Challies left from our immense spring stock to make 300 dresses. Take the balance of them at 3 1-4c per yard.

Another big lot of Tea Toweling, better than ever before at 3c per yard.

Just arrived, bought very cheap, consequently sold cheap, 8 pieces Plaid Dress Goods, 32 inches wide, just the thing for child's Dresses, worth 15 and 20c a yard, but sold to you at 10c.

75 pair Men's Jean Pants, worth from $1.00 to $1.75, your choice of this lot, 78c.

Two lots of Overalls. First lot contains 90 pairs, worth from 60c up to 75c a pair. Your choice of the lot, 48c. Second lot contains 110 pair worth from 75c to $1.00 a pair, your choice of this lot, 59c.

New Bargains Arriving Daily at The Globe.

KATZ & CO.,

LIMITED.

Bellefonte, - Pa.